

THE *E. Lib. Phil. Acad.  
Univ. Cant.  
1707.*  
SATIRES

OF

P E R S I U S

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE;

WITH SOME

OCCASIONAL NOTES;

AND THE

Original TEXT corrected.

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*Multum, et veræ Gloriæ, quamvis uno Libro Persius meruit.*

QUINTIL. LIB. X. CAP. I.

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The SECOND EDITION;

To which is now prefixed,

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

MDCCLI.

STATES

PERUV

THE

WITNESS

OCCASIONAL NOTES

AND

Original Text corrected.




THE SECOND EDITION

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

1800

Printed by J. G. Smith

1800



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HIS Version of the Satires of Per-  
sius, was attempted by the Tran-  
slator, when he was but a young Student  
in the University, and no less inclined by  
his natural Disposition, than required by  
the Rules of his *Society*, to apply himself  
to Classfical Learning.

If his Amusements at any time, can be  
serviceable to any, who are under the  
same Obligation to pursue the same Stu-  
dies, and afford, moreover, some Degree  
of Entertainment to the English Reader,  
the Ends proposed by the Publication of  
them will be fully answered.

It may have been expected perhaps,  
that, through the Course of the present  
Translation, some Notice should have  
been taken of the Errors committed in  
*former* Versions. But this disagreeable  
Task, the Translator has rather chose to  
decline; imagining that, if he has been  
happy

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

happy enough himself, to discover his Author's true Meaning, it would be but of small Importance to the Reader, to be told where others have mistaken it.



### *Advertisement by the Bookseller.*

**T**HE following Life of the Latin Author is taken from Mr. Bayle, in which the Gentleman, to whom the Public is obliged for the Translation of Persius, had no concern.

**T H E**



THE  
L I F E  
O F  
P E R S I U S,  
From Mr. BAYLE.

**A**ulus Persius Flaccus, (A) a satyrical Poet, in the Reign of the Emperor Nero, was a Native of *Volterra* in *Tuscany* (B). He was a *Roman Knight*, related and allied to Persons of the first Rank. He studied at *Volterra* till he was twelve Years of Age, and afterwards continued his Studies at *Rome*, under the Grammarian *Polemon*, the Orator *Verginius*, and *Cornutus* a Stoic Philosopher, who entertained so great an Affection for him, that there was ever after the most intimate Friendship between them. *Persius* has immortalized in his Works that

Friendship, and his Gratitude for the good Offices of his Friend, *Sat. & passim*. He expressed himself still more strongly on that Subject by a Will, in which he bequeathed him his Library and a large Sum of Money, *viz.* Five and twenty thousand Crowns according to some. But *Cornutus* accepted only the Books, and left the Money to his Heirs, that is, to *Perfius's* Sisters. He advised *Perfius's* Mother to suppress some Pieces of Poetry, which her Son had composed when he was very young. He judged, without doubt, that they would not answer the great Reputation of those already published, and which were received by the Public with such universal Applause, that all the Copies were immediately disposed of. This is a fine Example to be proposed to those who publish so many trifling Posthumous Works, in hopes that the Glory of the deceased Author will serve them as a Safe-guard. Among other Works of *Perfius*, they suppressed some Verses he had wrote on *Arria*, that illustrious Roman Lady, who killed herself to give an Example to her beloved Husband. *Moreri* falsely imagined that it was a Satire against *Arria* (C): but  
it

it was rather a Panegyric, and indeed we cannot reasonably expect the Contrary, considering the Author's great Friendship for *Thraseas*, Son-in-law to *Arria*, his Kinswoman. He studied with *Lucan* under *Cornutus*, and was so much admired by his School-fellow, that when *Persius* repeated his Verses, *Lucan* could scarce forbear breaking out into Acclamations. A very rare Example among Poets of the same Genius, but too commonly practised out of Artifice and Vanity (D). It was very late before *Persius* became acquainted with *Seneca*, and he could never like his Temper. He was a good Friend, still a better Son, a better Brother, and a better Relation (E). Tho' he was handsome, he was very Chaste: he was sober, meek as a Lamb, and as modest as a young Virgin; so true it is, that we must not judge of the Manners of an Author by his Writings; for the Satires of *Persius* are very licentious: besides, they are sharp and full of Invectives. 'Tis believed that he did not spare even the cruel *Nero* himself. He pointed him out so plainly, that *Cornutus* thought it proper to alter some of his Expressions (F). He died at

twenty-eight Years of his Age (G). Whatever his Panegyrist's may think proper to say of him, it is certain that he wrote very harshly and obscurely (H). He might almost be stiled the *Lycophron* of the Latins (I). *Scaliger* the Father, and several other excellent Critics speak very ill of him; but perhaps they run into a worse Extreme, than if they had shewed the greatest Esteem for that Poet. We may observe, that the Rigour of the Times in which he lived serve as no Excuse for the Obscurity of his Stile (K), as some have pretended. Some *Italian* Genealogists alledge that the *Falconcini* Family of *Volterra* derive their Original from his Father (L).

## NOTES.

(A) *Aulus Persius Flaccus*.] Those who say that he had the Surname of *Flaccus* given him on account of his imitating *Horace*, have not observed that his Father had the same Surname, *Suet. in Vita Persii*. Nor have they been more happy in their Conjecture, when they say he was called *Severus*, on account of his professing the *Stoic Philosophy*. *Casaubon*, *Notis in Vitam Persii*, furnishes me with these two Remarks. With regard to the second of which, he believes that an Inscription found at *Volterra* was the Occasion of it. The Inscription is as follows, *A. Persius A. F. Severus V. an. viii. M. HL. D. xix.* and supposes that those whom this great Critic censures, alledged that the Title of *Severus* was given to  
*Pers.*

*Perfius*, as the Surname of a Family, and in that Case they might very justly be censured for it. But if they considered that Title only as an Epithet, like that of *Ardens*, which *Juvenal* has given *Lucilius*, (Sat. I.) they could not in my Opinion be blamed for having taken Notice of the Poet's Attachment to the *Stoic* Philosophy, nor could it be alledged that they had any Regard to the Inscription at *Volterra*. No Body ever deserved the Title of *Severus* better than that Poet, considering the imperious Style of his *Invectives* and *Censures*, which is the Reason *Barthius* gives for that Epithet. It was therefore very unjust to apply to him the severe Reprimand of *Casaubon*. What I speak of at present respects *Magirus*, (*Eponymolog. Critic. pag. 648.*) for after having set down these Words of *Barthius*, (*adversar. 1.*) *Severum veteres libri ab auctoritate castigandi & inquestione in malos mores nominant*, he adds, *sed videtur hic vanissimo commento occasionem præbuisse inscriptio illa memoria ævarum Volaterris inventa, ubi Aul. PERSII cujusdam octennis pueri sit mentio, cui cognomen fuit Severo. Casaub. not. ad Persii Vitam.* This Application does not appear to be judicious.

(B) *A Native of Volterra in Tuscany.*] All Authors do not agree in this Point, *Etruria* and *Liguria* contended for it. *Perfius* might boast of sharing in a great Measure the same Fortune with *Homer*, two large Provinces contending about him. *Etruria* founded its Pretensions upon the Testimony of some ancient Authors, who said that *Perfius* was of *Volterra*; and the Pretensions of *Liguria* were grounded on these Lines,

*Mibi nunc Ligus ora  
Intepet, hibernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens  
Dant scopuli, & multa litus se valle receptat  
Lunæ portum est opera cognoscere cives.*

*Pers. Sat. vi. ver. 6.*

In which the *Ligurians* alledge that the Poet speaks of his native Country, and consequently that he was born at *Portus Lunæ*, now called the Gulph della *Spezia*.

Don Gasparo Massa has wrote a very learned Dissertation on that Subject, printed at Genoa in 1667, *della Vita, origine, e Patria di Aulo Persio Flacco*. As he believes that the Town called *Luna* was situated in *Tuscany*, he will not allow our Poet to have been born there; for his not being a Native of *Volterra* could signify nothing to him, if he could not deprive *Tuscany* of the Honour of him, and prove that he was born in the State of *Genoa*. He therefore says that his native Place was *Tegulia*, near *Portus Luna*, situated in *Liguria*, fourscore Stadia distance from *Luna*. *Aprofio della Patria d' A. Persio*, pag. 14. You must observe that there is a Distinction made between the Town and the Port of *Luna*. *Lewis Aprofio* is of the same Opinion with *Gasparo Massa*, as appears from a Dissertation d' *A. Persio* printed at *Genoa* in the Year 1664. You see how little *Moreri* is to be depended upon; he alledges that *Aprofio* affirms *Persius* to be of *Volterra*, and that *Gaspar Massa* says he was born at *Luna* or *la Spezzia*. Which is very false with Regard to *Aprofio*, and far from being exact with Regard to *Massa*. Farther, tho' the Arguments of these two Authors are not unanswerable, yet they are very probable, and if I was to chuse, I should rather follow their Opinion than that of *Eusebius*. I must inform my Reader that *Soprani*, not contented with placing *Persius* in his Catalogue of the Writers of *Liguria*, printed at *Genoa* in 4to, in the Year 1667, and with giving some Reasons for it, had caused these two Dissertations I have quoted to be printed at the End of his Work.

(C) *Moreri* falsely imagined that it was a Satire against *Arria*.] I believe the true Cause of his Mistake was owing to these Words: *Scripserat in pueritia Flaccus—paucos in sororem Thrasea & in Arriae matrem versus quæ se ante virum occiderat*, which the Critics have corrected thus, *in socrum Thrasea Arriae matrem*, or *Arriam matrem*. The Preposition *in* is equivocal, signifying sometimes against and sometimes upon. But it may be perceived at first Sight that it ought to be taken

taken here in the second Sense; for what likelihood is there that *Persius* should write Verses against a Lady, who was his Relation, Mother-in-law to his best Friend, and famous for having died in a most heroic Manner, according to the Opinions of that Sect in which our Poet was brought up. The Friendship of *Persius* and *Thraseas*, Son-in-law of that Lady, lasted near ten Years, which is as much as to say, as *Casaubon* observes, that *Persius* only lived about ten Years after he contracted an intimate Friendship with *Thraseas*. Now as he lived but twenty-eight Years in all, it is evident that their Friendship commenced while *Persius* studied Philosophy under *Cornutus*, and it is very probable that after the Acquisition of such a Friend he composed the Verses we are speaking of.

*Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,  
Bullaque succinctis laribus donata pependit,  
Me tibi supposui*—————

*Perf. ad Cornutum, Sat. v.*

The Word *Pueritia* is used by the best Latin Authors for a Young Man of eighteen or twenty Years of Age. I shall place here in Order the other Mistakes of *Moreri*. He says that *Persius* had composed a Book against *Arria*, which his Master *Cornutius* made him burn. At any Rate, it could not be a Book, but a small number of Verses, *Paucos versus*. His Master's Name however was not *Cornutius*, but *Cornutus*, and it was not till after the Death of the Author that he advised his Mother to suppress these Verses, together with all the rest which he had composed in his Youth. *Omnia autem Cornutus auctor fuit MATRI ejus ut aboleret*. By this the Author of the Epistle, which serves by Way of Preface to *Father Tarteron's* Translation of *Persius*, appears to be in a Mistake. He expresses himself thus: "He composed some Verses which were not at all in Praise of so generous and faithful a Wife; but he followed the Advice which was given him, and prudently suppressed them." *Moreri* calls the Orator, under whom *Persius* studied,

studied, *Virginus Fulvius*; but he should have called him *Verginius Flaccus*. He says that this pretended *Virginus Fulvius* and *Rhemnius Palæmon*, took care of *Lucan's* Education. To what Purpose does he make this Remark, since he was not to mention *Lucan's* Love for *Perfius*? But besides, none of the Authors quoted by him, mention that pretended Education. 'Tis with Regard to *Cornutus*, that the Author of the Life of *Perfius* observes, that he taught *Lucan* and *Perfius* at the same Time. We shall see hereafter, in the Remark (G), a Chronological Error of *Moreri*.

Mons. *Marrao* informed me that *Moreri* very probably might take from Mr. *Geffrier* what he says of *Arria*; for the Reputation of that Lady was so dear to Mr. *Geffrier*, that to make Amends for the Wrong which he alleged *Perfius* had done her, he caused to be prefixed to his Translation a Sonnet, which Father *le Moine* composed in Praise of *Arria*, in his *Gallerie des Femmes Fortes*.

(D) *An Example*—too commonly practised out of *Artifice and Vanity*.] This is very well explained by the Author of the Epistle abovementioned, who does not pretend that *Lucan* was free from that Fault. "*Perfius*", says he, was much better pleased with *Lucan*, who had perhaps insinuated himself into his Favour by praising the beautiful Passages in his Satires, and often repeated these Words with great Admiration, *These are most excellent Pieces indeed*. For whatever Modesty a Person may be possessed of, he will be easily allured by the Charms of such flattering Applauses bestowed by a good Judge in a full Assembly. But had not *Lucan* a View in all this, and did not he expect the like Return from *Perfius*? We know very well that Poets and other Authors very seldom bestow their Praise for Nothing; for when they come to engage in Praises and Compliments they do not spare each other; but make Passes at one another with all their Might. You know some at present as well as I, who are reckoned for Bravery of Wit, if I may be allowed  
" the

“ the Expression, the *Boutevilles* of the Age: they chal-  
 “ lenge those who have the best Parts, and whether by  
 “ a Rencontre, or in set Duel, which have never been  
 “ prohibited by the King, they strive to conquer each  
 “ other, and are very lavish of the most civil and oblig-  
 “ ing Compliments, even in Print, that Posterity may  
 “ not doubt of it. And in this Sort of Duels the weak-  
 “ est is always the Aggressor, and it is he who sends the  
 “ Challenge. This Metaphor is taken from *Horace*,  
 “ and it will appear to you at least as pleasant as it is  
 “ bold. You will find it in his Epistle to *Florus*. As  
 “ for my Part, if the Title of Author had made me  
 “ greedy of Praise, I should rather chuse to be com-  
 “ mended by a good Author whom I did not know so  
 “ much as by Name, or by Sight, and who could have no  
 “ Interest in praising me; for such praises could not be  
 “ suspected.”

(E) *He was a good Friend, still a better Son, a bet-  
 ter Brother, and a better Relation.*] The Author who  
 furnishes me with these Words, *Viz.* the Author of the  
 Epistle prefixed to the Translation of *Persius* and *Juvenal*,  
 by Father *Taxteron*; obliges me also with a *Commen-  
 tary* upon them. You are surprized at it, says he, and  
 perhaps not without reason: but there is nothing more true,  
 and they who know him best, say, that he might be propo-  
 sed as an Example in that Respect. In short he had a firm  
 and sincere Love for his Sisters, and a respectful Tenderness  
 for his Mother *Fulvia*, tho' she married again, and tho' he  
 was very young when his Father died, and was only seven  
 or eight Years of Age when she committed that——I had  
 almost said Folly. But we must make some Allowances in  
 favour to those Women. He was already quick-sighted  
 enough to perceive that it was not an agreeable Thing; for  
 Reason displays itself betimes on these Occasions, becomes  
 animated, and does not always wait for the Time appointed  
 for making these Reflections, especially in a Person that has  
 a Satirical Turn. But, Sir, we must have the whole Truth;  
 Her second Husband died in a short time, and left *Persius*  
 in

in a Condition of respecting and loving his Mother, as sincerely as he did, when he was only a Child. I do not know whether Fulvia took any great Care of her Son's Education, and whether she did not love herself rather too much to mind an Affair of such great Importance. This I cannot take upon me to answer for; because a second Marriage, and even the Condition of a young Widow, is a great Hindrance to the Execution of such a Charge; but this I am sure of, that the Roman Knight, young as he was, neglected no Opportunity of making himself as accomplished a Man as I have represented him to you. I shall add to this small Commentary these Words of Suetonius; *Reliquit circa H. SXX. matri & sorori—Cornutus, sublatis libris, pecuniam sororibus, quas frater hæredes fecerat, reliquit*—What can we think of an Historian, who in the same page, after affirming twice that *Persius* had but one Sister, observes that *Persius* left his Estate to his Mother and Sisters, and made his Sisters his Heirs?

(F) 'Tis believed that he did not spare even the cruel Nero himself. He pointed him out so plainly, that *Cornutus* thought it proper to alter some of the Expressions.] He made use of these Words in his first Satire.

*Auriculas asini Mida rex habet,*  
which *Cornutus* advised them to change into these,  
*Auriculas asini quis non habet?*

*Scut. in Vita Persii.*

If *Cornutus* found Nero so plainly pointed at here, he did very well to use this Precaution; though very possibly that Emperor was still in his happy Days, which continued the first five or six Years of his Reign. But how comes it that *Cornutus* made no Alteration in four Verses inserted in the same Satire, taken from a Tragedy of Nero? Was it a dangerous thing to say King Midas has Asses Ears, whilst it was allowable to quote his Verses as a Model of ridiculous Poetry? I find some Difficulty to account for this, and perhaps these four Verses,

*Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,  
Et raptum vitulo caput allatura superbo*

*Bassa-*

*Bassaris, & Lynceæ Mænas flexura corymbis  
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo.*

Sat. I. ver. 99.

were at most only an indirect and obscure Piece of Rail-  
lery. For if Nero had been the Author of those Verses,  
how durst any Body be so bold, as to set them down  
Word for Word, on purpose to laugh at them, when  
it was thought necessary to correct *Aurículas asini Mida  
rex habet*? There is something very inconsistent here; a  
great Timidity on the one Hand, and Temerity on the  
other. But I have still some more Objections to men-  
tion. I think *Cornutus* spoils the Thought of his Friend  
without any Necessity, and his Fears seem to me but ill  
grounded. *Persius* being told that it was dangerous to  
censure the Vices of another Person, and that he ought  
not so much as to mention them to a Pit, answers,  
that he might be allowed to tell his Book that was buried  
what he had seen, viz. that King Midas bath Asses  
Ears.

*Men' mutire nefas, nec clam nec cum scrobe? nusquam.  
Heic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle,  
Aurículas Asini Mida rex habet.*

This is a manifest Allusion to the History of Midas's  
Barber, which was well known to Nero.

—————*Secedit humumque  
Effodit, & domini quales aspexerit aures  
Voce refert parva terræque immurmurat haustæ.*

Ovid. Met. Lib. XI. ver. 186.

There was then very little Likelihood that this Prince  
would take it amiss, that one should faithfully relate  
the most beautiful Passage in that History, *Aurículas  
asini Mida rex habet*. If you change them into these  
*Aurículas asini quis non habet*, it can no longer be called  
the Barber's Text, but a loose Imitation of it. If you  
tell me that it is better to lessen the Beauty of a Thought,  
than exasperate a Tyrant, I answer as before, why do  
you not lop off the four abovementioned Verses? You ought  
to oblige the Author to blot them out, not only if they  
were

were borrowed from a Poem of Nero, but even if they contain only some of his Phrases. It cannot in the least be doubted that *Malherbe* would have been offended at these Verses of *M. Boileau*, even supposing he had not been named in them:

*Irai-dans une Ode en Phrases de Malherbe,  
Troubler dans ses roseaux le Danube superbe,  
Delivrer de Sion le Peuple gemissant,  
Faire trembler Memphis & pâlir le Croissant,  
Et passant du Jourdain les ondes allarmées  
Cueillir mal à propos les palmes Idumées?*

*Boileau, Sat. IX. ver. 251.*

*M. Boileau* mentions no Name when he says:

*Tout chancre ne peut pas sur le ton d'un Orphée,  
Entonner en grands vers la Discorde étouffée:  
Peindre Bellone en feu tonnant de toutes parts,  
Et le Belge effrayé fuyant sur ses remparts.*

*Ibid. ver. 39.*

Yet can any Body doubt but it must raise the Indignation of the Authors of those Lines? I imagine therefore that the *Torva Mimalloneis* &c. can neither be a Fragment of Nero's Poetry, nor an Imitation of his Verses. For, further, if he was a Man of that Temper to be displeased at the Raillery *Auriculari asini Mida rex habet*, which was an old Story, it was hardly to be expected that he would patiently bear the ridiculous Rhapsodies composed out of his own Expressions. Wherefore begging Pardon of the old Scholiast, I cannot subscribe to these Words of *M. Boileau*, till such time as my Scruples be removed, Let us examine *Perfius*, says he (in his Discours sur la Satire) who wrote in the Reign of Nero. He not only rails at his Co-temporary Poets, but even attacks the Verses of Nero himself; for all the World knows, and the whole Court of Nero very well knew it, that these four Verses *Torva Mimalloneis* &c. which *Perfius* so bitterly ridicules in his first Satire, were wrote by Nero. Yet we do not find that Nero, as cruel as he was, caused *Perfius* to be punished for it; and that great Tyrant, tho' an Enemy to

*Rea.*

Reason, and very fond of his own Works, was so polite as not to resent it, and did not think that on such an Occasion the Emperor should take upon him the Concerns of a Poet. I shall add no more concerning that Scruple. Casaubon alledges, that the four Verses in Question were taken from a Tragedy called *Bacchæ*, pag. 134. And to prove that Nero had wrote such a Piece, he quotes Dio, who only says that Nero acted the Part of a Musician when that Tragedy was represented. But is this a Proof that he was the Author of it? Besides, Hexameter Verses, I believe, were not used in Tragedies; but the four Verses we are speaking of are Hexameters. If that learned Commentator had compared his Opinion concerning the *Torva Mimalloneis*, with his Preface to the first Satire, I question if he would have persisted in it. In short he says in that Preface, that the chief Design of *Persius* in his fourth Satire, was to censure the Conduct of Nero; but in order to avoid bringing himself into Trouble, he so disguised his Design, that he made use of no Expression to point out the Person of that Prince, and contrived the Matter so as to be able to clear himself, in case he should be accused of aiming at the Government. Casaubon observes also, that this Satire was composed before Nero had discovered all his ill Nature. *Cujus* (Satiræ quartæ) *etsi præcipuus erat Scopus in Neronem invehi, atque ipsum satirico sale despicere—sic tamen poeta in hoc argumento indignationi suæ habenas laxavit, ut neque palam neque plenis velis in flagitiosissimum principem inveheretur, verum testè & longè mollius quam vel natura ipsius ferebat, vel Neronis flagitia ac scelera merebantur. Nos autem putamus tum scriptam esse hanc satiram cum nondum totus innotuerat Nero, cujus principium laude digna habuit multa—Probè verò norat Persius cum ad hanc satiram scribendam se accingeret, quantam rem & quàm periculosam moliretur. Quamobrem consilio prudentissimo hoc argumentum Platonis imitatione sibi tractandum censuit, non solum nominibus inde petitis, sed etiam sententia propemodum uni-versa; ut si quis*

*quis forte Corycæus ut Cercops nomen ipsius deferret, probabili excusatione posset factum suum defendere quasi exercendi tantum stili causa petatum è libris summi philosophi argumentum latinis versibus tentasset complecti. Quare etiam ab omnibus illum videmus abstinuisse, quæ Neronis personam propriè erant denotatura.* — Is it not surprizing, that a Man who was of that Opinion, should believe that *Persius* durst ridicule *Nero's* Verses, and quote them Word for Word without any Disguise? Perhaps it will be answered, that he was not much concerned for his Character as a Poet. But one must have strong Proofs of this, or else not mention it; for every one is commonly fond of his own Poetry. The Crown and Scepter do not cure a Man of that Fault, and we are particularly informed that *Nero* was more sensibly affected with the Censures of his Music, than with that of his Crimes; which is a sufficient Reason for one to believe, that as a Poet he could not bear to be reflected upon, *Nihil æque doluit, quam ut malum se citharædum increpitum. Suet. in Nerone cap. XLI.* Did not he banish *Cornutus*, and had like to have put him to death, for having dared to say that *Nero* would make too many Verses if he composed four hundred Books of them, and that the Example of *Chrysippus* should not be alledged in the Case, seeing the Books of that Philosopher were useful to human Life? Was not he jealous of the Poet *Lucan*, and did not he forbid him to make any Verses? *Lucanum propriæ causæ accendebat, quod famam carminum ejus premebat Nero, prohibueratque ostentare, vanus adsimulatione, Id. ib. & Tacit. Ann. lib. XV. cap. XLIX.* At which *Lucan* was so exasperated, that he joined with the Conspirators, who endeavoured to kill *Nero*.

I should never have done, if I undertook to quote all the Authors who believed that the four Verses so cruelly ridiculed by *Persius*, were wrote by *Nero*. I shall only cite the Notes which have been added to the new Translation of *Petronius* Pag. 24. Tom. I. of the Dutch Edition 1694. It has been lawful in all Ages to criticise paltry Performances,  
when

when they are published. The defects of the Mind may be censured every where, and this Liberty is as ancient as the World. The *Torva* &c. which we read in Juvenal, (he should have said *Perfius*) shews that Nero himself, notwithstanding his Cruelty, was not offended at it, and never thought of treating as Enemies to the State, those who criticised his Works. He was only angry at those who made Verses better than he.

Note, That the Life of *Perfius*, written by Suetonius as it is thought, does not tell us that the *Torva Mimalloneis* had any Relation to Nero. He gives no other Example of the Liberty that Poet took to criticise him, than those Verses concerning *Mida rex*, which Cornutus made him correct. There is then only one Witness of the *Torva Mimalloneis*, viz. the old Scholiast upon *Perfius*. An English Author, viz. John Bond, who wrote learned Notes upon the Satires of that Poet, does not say positively, like a great many others, that Nero was the Author of the four Verses in Question: *Sive à Nerone* (says he) in *Perf. Sat. I. pag. m. 24. sive ab alio quopiam nobili Romano composita*. M. Marais pointed me out this Passage of the English Commentator, and also says that M. Geffrier, who published a French Translation or Paraphrase of *Perfius* at Paris in 1658, affirms that these four Verses were certainly Nero's.

(G) He died at twenty eight Years of Age.] This appears from the Consulships of his Birth and Death. He was born the fourth of December, *Fabio Perfico, L. Vitellio Coss.* and died the twenty-fourth of November, *Rubrio Mario, Asinio Gallo Coss.* Now there being but twenty-eight Years between these two Consulships, it follows that *Perfius* lived just so many Years, within a few Days. Therefore the Author of his Life has reckoned very ill, when after having fixed the Day and Year of his Birth and Death with so much Exactness, he places his Death in the thirtieth Year of his Age. St. Jerom's Mistake is not so great, tho' he is not so exact as he ought to be. He says that *Perfius* was born in the

second Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad, and died in the twenty-ninth Year of his Age, in the second of the two hundred and tenth Olympiad; which cannot be true, but by reckoning his Birth to happen in the first Months of the Year, and his Death some Months later. But besides that St. *Jerome* makes no such Distinction, we have seen that *Persius* was born in December, and died in November. I am more surprized at *Scaliger's* acquiescing in St. *Jerome's* Computation, than even at St. *Jerome's* Mistake. *Scaliger* finds that St. *Jerome* was in the right to reckon twenty-nine Years from the Number two thousand and fifty to the Number two thousand and seventy-eight. He also finds twenty-nine Years between the two above-mentioned Consulships; but he had done better if he had computed only twenty-eight. The first of those Consulships fell in the Year of Christ 34, the twentieth of *Tiberius*, and the seven hundred and eighty-sixth of *Rome*; the other in the Year of Christ 62, the eighth of *Nero*, and the eight hundred and fourteenth of *Rome*. This is according to the Chronology of *Calvisius*. *Moreri* is not at all exact in this Point. He places the Birth of *Persius* at the End of the Year of Christ 32, and his Death, when he was twenty-nine Years of Age, in the ninth of the Reign of *Nero*, and the 62 of Christ. In order to do this with some shew of Reason, he ought to have added, that he died in the Beginning of the sixty-second Year of the Christian *Æra*; but this would have been a Falshood, because he died on the twenty-fourth of November. It is certain then, according to *Moreri's* Computation, that when *Persius* died he was near thirty Years of Age. Besides, according to *Moreri*, the Year 32 of Christ answers to the eighteenth of *Tiberius*; but it is certain that from the eighteenth of *Tiberius* to the ninth of *Nero* were thirty-one Years: so that it would follow that *Persius* died when he was thirty-one Years of Age. The Dutch Edition places his Death in the Year 26 of Christ. But this Mistake is owing to a Transposition of Numbers, a Mistake but

too common among Printers. *Augustine Oldoini* has committed some childish Blunders in his Computation of the Age of *Persius*. He makes him to have been born in the Year of *Rome* 795, and to have died at the Age of thirty-three, in the ninth Year of the Reign of *Nero*. He alledges that the time of his Birth answers to the two hundred and third Olympiad, and to the twenty-second Year of the Reign of *Tiberius*; *Athen. Ligust. pag.* 80, 81. If you consult *Calvisius*, you will find that the first Year of the two hundred and third Olympiad is the 785th of *Rome*, that the ninth Year of *Nero* is the 815th of *Rome*, and that there are but twenty eight Years between the twenty-second of *Tiberius*, and the ninth of *Nero*.

I am informed by a Letter from *M. Marais*, that *M. Gessier* places the Death of *Persius* in the two hundred and third Olympiad, in the Year of *Rome* seven hundred and twenty five, and in the twenty second Year of *Tiberius's* Reign.

(H) *Whatever his Panegyrist may say—he wrote obscurely.*] Among the number of those I reckon *Isaac Casaubon*. I grant that the Praises which he bestows upon *Persius* are not so pure as those of *Quintilian* and *Martial*; for he intermixes with them some Censures. But after all he acknowledges that *Persius* had a great deal of Merit and Parts, and enters the Lists on his Account against the great *Julius Scaliger*; tho' at the same Time he humbles himself with great Respect at the Foot of the Throne of that formidable Antagonist. I shall only mention that Part of the Dispute which relates to the Obscurity of our Poet's Writings. I have often (says *Casaubon*) been surprised to find *Persius* charged with Obscurity by *Scaliger*, a Man to whom nothing was obscure. But he seems to me to fall into that Sophism which *Logicians* call *Ignorantiam elenchi*, mistaking the Question, and which is not less common among Critics than Philosophers. *Scaliger* does not pretend that *Persius* was obscure to him. On the contrary, he declared that he understood him from Beginning to End. He only says that formerly that Poet

was classed in the Number of Things unknown, and charges him with Impertinency for having written to be read, and not to be understood. He almost insults him, because his Interpreters had frustrated his Expectation, by dissipating the Darkness which he had purposely thrown over his Writings, in order to be eternally buried in it, and eternally admired by Fools. *Jul. Scaliger. Poëtic lib. vi. cap. vi. pag. m. 773. See also, lib. iii. Cap. xcvii. pag. 343.*

*Omnia enim solidi magis admirantur amantque  
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt,*

*Lucret. Lib. I. ver. 642.*

The Encomiums which *Quintilian* and *Martial* bestowed upon him, put me in mind of those which are bestowed upon two of our French Poets. It is not the Quantity of an Author's Works which renders him immortal; we have *Perfius* transmitted to us in two Sheets of Paper. The Abbot de Cerisi will live longer only by his *Metamorphosis* of *Phillis's* Eyes into Stars, than many Authors who take up a great deal of Room in our Libraries. And the Temple of Death will more easily overcome the Rigour of Time, than the six hundred Volumes of the Bishop of Bellay. This agrees pretty well with the two Latin Verses:

*Sæpius in libro memoratur Perfius uno,  
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.*

*Martial. Epigr. xxix. lib. iv.*

And with these Words of *Quintilian*, *Multum & veræ gloriæ quamvis uno libro Perfius meruit*, *Quintil. lib. x. cap. 1.*

(I) He might almost be stiled the *Lycophron* of the Latins.] In the first Tome of the *Conferences du Bureau d'Adresse*, the Author says, that the Sense of the obscure Volumes of the *Talmudists* is so little known to us out of Envy to their Successors, that their Books might be cut and tore more justly than the *Satires* of *Perfius* were by a Father of the Church, who said that since he could not be understood by the outside like other Writers, he would see whether he was more intelligible within. The following Passage is another Instance where *Lycophron* and *Perfius* are classed together. For my Part I think that *Trithemius's* Book ought to be  
sawn

sawn in two, as somebody formerly served the Cassandra of Lycophron, in order to discover what there was within it, since nothing could be known of it by the Outside. Or as it is reported of St. Jerome, having done the like by Persius's Satires, whose Riddles and Obscurities being unable to comprehend, *intellecturis ignibus ille dedit, Ex Ovidio Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. x.* This last Story, as well as the others, ought to be very well warranted; for I see that Casaubon relies upon St. Jerome's Testimony, to refute those who censured Persius, *Certe aliud Quintilianus judicabat cum vera laude dignum pronunciaret, aliud Hieronymus cum disertissimum satiricum vocaret. Casaub. ubi supra.*

Here is still another Observation which M. Marais has furnished me with. The Panegyric contained in Bond's Commentary, is to be found in a Place where no body would look for it, viz. in the Preface to the *Aloisiae Sigæ Toletanæ Satyra Sotadica*. The Words which contain that Panegyric, contain at the same Time a Description of Persius's Obscurity: *Gratuleris tibi, Aule Persi. Obvolvisi te ipse cæca nocte, videri nolebas, altam versibus & versuum sensibus profudisti caliginem. Nolebas intelligi: forte & tu te non intelligebas. Non fecerunt ad te nox & caligo ut exerraret, Johannes Bond, venit, vidit, discussit noctem et caliginem. Perspectum id omne habet, ut tute loqueris, quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ. Eripuit tibi te neganti conspectum. Latebas intra te, ne te curiosa et erudita invenerit sagacitas. Eras ipse involucrum tibi. Quis vero fuit furor ille tuus?* This Commentary of Bond upon Persius was printed a Year after the Author's Death, under the Care of his Son-in-law, Roger Prowse. I have the London Edition published in 1614. If it be the first, and I fancy it is, we may hence know that Bond died in the Year 1613. The *Diarium* of Mr. Witt says nothing of it.

(K) *The Rigour of the Times in which he lived can be no Excuse for the Obscurity of his Stile.*] I am sorry I cannot be of the same Opinion with the Author of the Preface, who has furnished me with two Passages, the Reading of which is so agreeable. I know very well, says he, in the  
Epistle

Epistle prefixed to Father Tarteron's Translation, *that Persius is not at first very intelligible, and that he might have expressed himself more clearly. But how durst he do it in the Reign of Nero? He was a terrible Tyrant, and could not bear a Jest. And because he had more Reason than any Body else to apply to himself whatever was sharp or poignant in a Satire, provided there was the least Foundation for it, I am not at all surprized to see, that Persius has affected to be ænigmatical and mysterious. Therefore when Julius Scaliger called him a feverish Scholar, it is probable he did not mind what he said; but I am sure that this proud and formidable Critic, would have been seized with violent Tremblings and Agitations at the very Sight of Nero. I cannot help admiring the Boldness of Persius in venturing once to ridicule that Emperor; for the Words Auriculas asini Mida rex habet, directly pointed at him. It would have ruined Persius if the wise and prudent Cornutus had not suppressed the proper Name, and substituted in its place a Word equally applicable to all Mankind. Nay I cannot conceive how that Philosopher, who was afterwards banished by the Tyrant, because he could not in Conscience approve the Design of his Poem, should suffer his Pupil to expose himself, by producing with a malicious Intent, the Torva mimallonis &c. as a Model of most excellent Verses. I shall only make two Observations on that Passage.*

I. It is evident to all who read *Persius* with Attention, that he is obscure not out of Policy, but from Taste, and the particular Turn of his Genius; for if the Fear of bringing himself into Trouble at Court, had engaged him to cover his Thoughts with obscure Metaphors, he would have done it in those Things only which had some relation to the Life of the Tyrant. But we see that he twists his Words, and has Recourse to Allusions and ænigmatical Figures, even when he intends to insinuate only a moral Maxim, the clearest Explication whereof could not have afforded *Nero* the least Pretence for being angry with him. I shall not be at the Pains of giving any Examples of this; but refer my Readers to the

Satires

Satires themselves of that Poet, which make but a little Book, where every one may satisfy himself in a very short time, whether I am in the right, or not. But if any one chuses rather to spare himself this Trouble, and refer himself to the Judgment of a learned Critic, he needs go no further to satisfy himself. The Sentence runs thus, *Obscuritatis hujus diversas asferre causas possumus, easque certissimas: in auctore sunt aliquæ, aliæ extra illum, quædam in interpretibus. Non negabo perobscura quædam esse in quarta, prima quoque: sed poetæ facile ignosco, cum cogito crudelissimi et Πονηρώτατος tyranni, in quibus illa erant, metu, de industria atramenti sepiarum aliquod esse affusum: neque dubito sapientissimum præceptorum Cornutum scribenti adfuisse, qui vetus verbum crebro illi insusurraret, Σκότισον . . . . Cum scribit idem Βιογράφος, Verrecundiæ virginialis partheniam nostrum fuisse, aliud agens causam nos docet cur ille locu tenebricosè fuerit tractatus, cui vix alius toto libro obscuritate par, obscænitæ similis nullus, περιεσφονήν illam dico è quarta. At si unctus cesses. Etiam illud ultrò concedimus, nonnulla Persii loca tropis parum usitatis et audacioribus esse offuscata, hujus quoque non culpam, sed causam, ita enim dicere æquius, ingenio poetæ assignamus: quod cum esset magnum, magna sectabatur, Casaub. in Prælegomenis ad Persi. fol. m. ei j. Fuit præterea Flaccus noster & φιλόμυθος πῶς, sed amans brevitatæ: quæ res obscuriorem est ubi illum reddit, Ibid. fol. e i j. . . .*

These are the four Sources of the Obscurity of Persius, according to Casaubon. I. He was afraid of Nero. II. He was modest. III. He had a great Genius. IV. He loved Brevity. Ought these four Causes to be reduced to the first, as they have done in the Preface to this new Translation?

II. After having said that Persius had explained himself obscurely, because he was afraid of Nero, It ought not to be supposed that the *Tor-sa mimalloneis* &c. were that Prince's Verses. It is not sufficient to say, that one cannot comprehend how Cornutus permitted it, we may say positively that he would not have consented to it, and

## xxiv The LIFE of PERSIUS.

and that *Persius* had no Need of a Corrector. Otherwise this will be a monstrous Absurdity, and seems to surpass all the Caprices and Extravagances that the Mind of Man is capable of.

(L) Some Italian Genealogists pretend that the *Falconcini* Family of Volterra derive their Original from his Father.] Francis Stelluti makes use of this Reason to prove that *Persius* was of Volterra. They have it, says he, by Tradition, that the *Falconcini* Family is descended from *Flaccus*, a Roman Knight, the Father of *Persius*; which is the more likely to be true, as the Name of *Persius* is preserved in that Family, and has constantly been found in it for above three hundred Years. But to this it is answered, that *Persius* had neither Brother, nor Children; that the Sirname of *Flaccus* was to be found in several Cities of Italy; and that the noble and illustrious Family of *Persius* has been established in Genoa above four hundred Years. See the abovementiond Dissertation of *Gaspara Massa*. *Hippolitus Landinelli* says, that they still shew at Volterra, a House which is supposed to have been that of *Persius*.

### ERRORS of the PRESS.

#### LATIN.

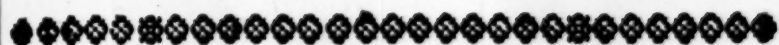
Pag.	Ver.
38	90 <i>Verum</i> , leg. <i>Verum</i> .
39	99 <i>Bombis</i> ? leg. <i>Bombis</i> ;

#### ENGLISH.

19	197 for <i>Art</i> r. <i>Heart</i> .
43	23 for <i>Plow</i> ? r. <i>Plow</i> !
101	43 At the End add a Comma.
117	298 for <i>Brain</i> . r. <i>Brain</i> ,
143	85 for <i>made</i> , r. <i>made</i> .

#### In the LIFE.

1	for <i>Polemon</i> r. <i>Palæmon</i>
4	for <i>bis Friend</i> r. <i>this Friend</i> : He
15	<i>Despicare</i> leg. <i>defricare</i>
16	<i>Accendebat</i> , leg. <i>Accendebant</i> .



THE  
SIX SATIRES  
OF  
PERSIUS.



THE CONSTITUTION

of the United States of America  
as amended by the several States  
and by the Congress of the United States  
in pursuance of the original  
and subsequent amendments

OF THE

THE

SIX STATES

OF

PERSUS

OF THE

By sacred Statues, plac'd around,



These robes, unpolish'd mine,

I as Apollo's hollow'd shrine,

# PROLOGUE

I half a Poet, half a Clown,

TO THE

## FIRST SATIRE.

NEVER did I so much as sip,

Or wet with *Hippocrene* a Lip;

I never dream'd, one single Night,

Upon *Parnassus'* forked Height ;

Or if I did so, do not know it)

5

To make me thus start up a Poet.

No; my Pretensions to the *Nine*,

And pale *Pirene*, I resign;

Resign to those, whose better Claim

stands witness'd by approving Fame;

10

By sacred Statues, plac'd around,

With twining Wreaths of Ivy crown'd!

These rude, unpolish'd Strains of mine,

I, at *Apollo's* hallow'd Shrine,

Lay humbly, unpresuming, down;

I, half a Poet, half a Clown.

Who taught the Pie's or Parrot's Throat,

To emulate the human Note?

Those Sounds which Nature had deny'd,

Ingenious Want, to both, supply'd,

Ingenious Want, in Nature's Spite,

Taught *them* to speak—And *me* to write.

Nay, hang but Lure enough in View,

And *they* shall strait turn Poets, too :

Ev'n Crows and Pies shall chatter Verse,

And like their Brother-Bards, rehearse.



# THE ARGUMENT.

*WE* may suppose the Author to be just seated in his Study, and beginning to vent his Indignation in Satire. At this very Juncture, comes in an Acquaintance, who, upon hearing the first Line, dissuades him, by all Means, from an Undertaking so perilous ; advising him rather, if he needs must write, to accommodate his Vein to the Taste of the Times, and to write like other People.

PERSIUS acknowledges that this, indeed, were the readiest Method to gain Countenance and Applause ; but then adds, that the Approbation of such Patrons as this Compliance would recommend him to, was a Thing to be desired, on no Terms at all ; much less, upon Terms so shameful.

AFTER this, he takes Occasion to expose the wretched Taste that prevailed then at Rome, both in their Verse and Prose ; and informs us what abominable Stuff

*their noble Poetasters not only scribbled themselves, but encouraged in others. Of these their miserable Attempts in the Way of Poetry, the Author exhibits to us a small Specimen: At the same Time lamenting, that he dares not speak out with the Freedom allowable in former Times, and practised by his Predecessors in Satire, Lucilius and Horace. He then concludes, expressing a generous Disdain for all worthless Blockheads whatever: The only Readers whose Applause he covets, must be Men of Virtue, and Men of Sense.*



THE  
FIRST SATIRE  
OF  
PERSIUS.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

*P. Vain Cares of Man! all earthly Things how vain!*

*M. Good Heav'ns! Who'll read this canting,  
preaching Strain?*

*P. Speak'st thou to me? Not one, i'faith, not one,*

*M. Yes, two perhaps, or — P. None, most likely, none.*

*M. The Case is piteous — P. Why a piteous Case?* } 5

*Polydamas forsooth, and all the Race* }

*Of Master-Misses, join in my Disgrace!*

Ver. 6, *Polydamas forsooth!*] He means here *Nero* and his *Minions*; alluding to a Passage in a Speech of *Hector's*. *Hom. Iliad.*  
B. XXII. V. 100 and 105.

Admit they do, need I for this repine,  
That such e'en *Labeo's* Page prefer to mine?

Ridiculous! If muddy-headed *Rome*  
Condemn our Wit, must we abide the Doom?  
Stand to th' Award of an ill-judging Town?  
And by their falser Scale, adjust our own?  
No, no; for *others* Judgments ask no more:  
To know thy self, thy self alone explore.

For who at *Rome* is not a —? Might I say,  
O might I mention what! — But sure I may:  
For see what Toys, their senseless Lives engage,  
From playful Childhood up to reverend Age!  
Yet mark the solemn Cheat, the sage Grimace!  
Censorian Beard, Severity of Face!  
Viewing these hoary Fools, enrag'd I glow:  
Out, out it must—You must excuse me. *M. No.*

Ver. 9. *Labeo's Page*] *Aelius Labeo* was a Court-Scribler, who made a literal and wretched Translation of several Books of *Homer's Iliad* into *Latin*. See Verse 115 and 272.

Ver. 14. *No, no; for others Judgments*] This is spoken consistently to that Principle of the *Sage Philosophy*, which maintained that a wise Man should not make other People's Opinions, but his own right Reason only, his Rule of Action.

P. But

P. But my unruly Spleen with Laughter swells:

What must I do, when Nature thus rebels? 25

M. What must you do? The same that others do:

Observe the Course our other Bards pursue.

Pent in their lonely Studies, they compose,

Some, measur'd Numbers, some, unsetter'd Prose:

But, be it Prose or Numbers, all they write 30

Is quite *sublime*. P. Sublime, no doubt on't, quite!

Alike sublime: For see, from first to last,

The Prose is Fustian, and the Verse Bombast!

It's Author too, alike, the heavy Load

Passes from his huge, rehearsing Lungs, abroad. 35

And lo the promis'd Day! At length, 'tis here:

New-cloath'd, new-powder'd, see the *Wit* appear!

A finish'd Beau, forsooth, behold him stand,

A Birth-Day Jewel sparkling on his Hand!

A softning Gargle tunes his warbling Throat, 40

And fits the varying Pipe for every Note.

A Desk, rais'd high, the listening Throng controls;

He mounts, and out the melting Poem rolls.

His

His Eye, a Comment to his Sense affords;  
 And adds lascivious Looks, to luscious Words. 45

These are the Means, the shameful Means! that please:  
 Rome's very Nobles own the Power of these.  
 Soon as the lewd, the lust-provoking Line  
 (Assisted by the soft, salacious Whine)  
 Shoots thro' the Bones it's prurient Influence, 50  
 And wakes the tickled Marrow's inmost Sense;  
 Lo, how they all a wriggling Joy confess,  
 And vile Applause, in broken Sounds, express!

What! at this Age, with these grey reverend Hairs,  
 Turn'st thou a Pander to such Ears as theirs? 55  
 Theirs! at whose glutting Praise, ev'n thou wou'dst cry,  
*Forbear! Forbear!* or else I burst, I die.

" Well but, (*say you*) what Use does Science yield,  
 " If in the parent Mind it lie conceal'd?  
 " If there the Leaven swell, in vain, for Vent, 60  
 " If there the barren Fig-tree still be pent?

O Men!

O Men ! O Manners ! toils thy dotard Head,  
 Refigns thy Cheek, for this, it's healthful Red ?  
 Must then the Pageant, Knowledge, needs be shown ?  
 Useless to thee, unless to others known. 65

" O but the pointing Finger who can see,  
 " Who hear, uncharm'd, the Whisper, *there, that's he ?*

Nay more, the beauish Sons of *Rome* rehearse,  
 Their Tutors teach, the Beauties of your Verse :  
 And is it Nothing, Nothing, to become 70  
 A Lesson, to the beauish Sons of *Rome* ?

Lo next, our Surfeit-Sots, call, o'er their Wine,  
 To hear the Labours of a Bard divine.  
 Come, the Productions of some Heavenly Muse,  
 Who can repeat ? *ery they* — And what ensues ? 75  
 Why one, or other, of the purple Beaus,  
 A nauseous Preface snuffles thro' the Nose ;  
 Some old, some sad old Tale, then forth he whines,  
 Made sadder still by lamentable Lines.

Tells

Tells how *Hyppile* a Captive fight'd, 80  
 Or how poor fond deserted *Phyllis* died.  
 Some such trite Ditty, his refining Throat  
 Fritters ; and melts and minces every Note.

All hear attentive : and, to crown the End, 85  
 All, gracious Nods of Approbation lend.

O happy Author ! thou art sure at rest ;  
 Thy Ashes, after this, must needs be blest !  
 Thy Tomb, no doubt ! the monumental Stones,  
 Must, after this, lie lighter on thy Bones !

But Approbation only, will not do : 90  
 Behold, Applauses are thy Portion too !  
 The Guests all ring thy Praise—Thrice happy thou !  
 Feel not thy Manes Joys excessive, now ?  
 Now, raise not Violets, from thy Dust their Head,  
 And proudly make thy precious Urn their Bed ? 95

“ O Sir (*says one*) your Worship's pleas'd to hear,  
 (That Nose informs us) but you need not here.  
 “ For

" For breaths there be, so stupid to disclaim  
 " The Praise of Men, the general Voice of Fame?  
 " When such his Labours, such his sacred Page,  
 ' As Cedar's Juice should vindicate from Age;  
 " Should bid to latest Times, unsoil'd endure;  
 " Of Grocers, fearless; and of Cooks, secure?"

Whoe'er thou art, to whom, so lately, I  
 Assign'd th' Opponent's Part, take this Reply. 105

If in my Writings, by some lucky Hit,  
 (Luck it must be) I deviate into Wit;  
 Know, then, howe'er I scorn Applause undue,  
 Then, I can Praise accept — Approve it too.  
 To Glory's Charms, not callous is my Heart,  
 Such Glory, as results from true Desert,  
 But that these Eulogies of Fools, shou'd be  
 The final Aim — to that, I can't agree.

VER. 101. *As Cedar's Juice*] Bookfellers, to preserve their valuable Books from growing mouldy, or Worm-eaten, rubbed them over with the Liquor that distilled from the Cedar Tree. See *PH.* 27, B. 13. C. 13.

For fift (I beg) all this their mighty Praise :  
 Includes it not ev'n *Labeo's* paltry Lays ? 115  
 His very *Iliad* ? and each fustian Strain  
 Teem'd in that purg'd, helleborated Brain ?  
 Includes it not our Noble Sonnetteers,  
 Whose Flux of Elegy infests our Ears ?  
 Nay, all the Trash that trickles from the Heads 120  
 Of glutt'd Fops, who loll on Citron Beds ?

Yes, this forsooth ! is Fame, the Jewel sought :  
 Yes, and (what's worse) this too is meerly bought.  
 You know to bribe, to spread the smoaking Treat ;  
 The grateful Guest returns you Fame for Meat. 125  
 You know to buy the shuddering Poet's Vote,  
 (An easy Purchase) with a thread-bare Coat.

" Now Sirs, (*cry you*) I honour Truth—be free—  
 " How is my Verse ?—Speak Truth, howe'er it be."

Ver. 117. *helleborated Brain* ?] The Ancients made use of Hellebore, not only when they were disordered, but oftentimes too in sound Health, purely to quicken the Apprehension. See *Pliny*, B. XXV. C. 5.

*They,*

*They*, poor Dependants ! are oblig'd to lie ; 130  
*They* speak ! No, no, *they* dare not—but shall I ?  
 Trust me, bald Trifler ! worse was never writ :  
*Thou* ! with that Mountain Paunch, aim 'st *thou* at Wit ?

Thrice happy *Janus*, blest with Face behind !  
 He to no flouting postern Jeers is blind : 135  
 He no crook'd Finger, no splay Mouth he fears ;  
 No Length of lolling Tongue, or Asses Ears.  
 But you, *Patricians* ! doom'd to *single* Face,  
 Fear *you* the Tongue behind, that lolls Disgrace.

“ *What say the Town ?* ”——O dear Sir, can they say  
 Other than This ? And this, before, they may : 141  
 “ Verse to its last Perfection you have brought,  
 “ In liquid Flow conveying gentle Thought.  
 “ Each polish'd Part, is so exactly join'd,  
 “ That where they meet no curious Nail can find. 145

Ver. 145. *No curious Nail*] It is usual with Artificers to run the Nail of their Finger along their Work ; making it thereby a Test of the Asperity or Smoothness of the Marble, or other Matter, which they have undertaken to polish. *Hor. Art of Poetry*, V. 294.

“ Each

" Each Verse is drawn so strait, so smooth, so fine,  
 " Why sure you shut one Eye, and work by Line!  
 " Whether you touch the *Humours* of the Age,  
 " Or paint the People's *Vice*, or Tyrant's *Rage*,  
 " True Genius still inspires the mighty Page!" 150

Each Youngster now (behold!) attempts to write,  
 And in Heroics wings his airy Flight;  
 Every raw Thing, and each pin-feather'd Fool,  
 Who left but Yesterday his *Greek* and School;  
 Below the lowest Theme; unblest with Skill  
 To paint or *waving Grove*, or *purling Rill*.

Sings he the *Country's* copious Scenes? — his Lay  
 Recounts its *Chimnies*, *Panniers*, *Hogs*, and *Hay*.

Ver. 148. *Humours*, — *Vice*, — *Rage*] That is, whether you write Comedy, Satire, or Tragedy. The Author describes here the several Kinds of Poetry, by mentioning the different Objects that each is conversant about.

Ver. 158. *Recounts its Chimnies, Panniers,*] *Perfius*, in this Passage, glances at some contemporary Poetaster, or other, who, in a Poem upon the Pleasures of a *Country Life*, had been very particular and tedious upon the Circumstances here recited. See *Cosmopolite*.

Remus of old (adds he) was suckled here; 159  
 Here did'st thou, \* *Quintus*, drive the labouring Steer:  
 Here thy Good-Woman, in the furrow'd Track,  
 Trembling array'd her new Dictator's Back;  
 And last, the Lic'tor carry'd home thy Plow."  
 — Are not these hopeful Sparks for *Epic*, now?

But let bad *Writers* scribble as they will, 165  
 Some *Readers*, bad as they, admire them still.  
 That puffy Offspring of old *Accius*' Head,  
*Briseis*' self, by one at least is read.  
*Numbers* adore *Pacuvius*' knotty Line,  
 And swear *Antiopa* is all divine. 170  
 "Whose Sighs, like Pillars, propping every Part,  
 Buttress'd her sinking, dolorific, Heart."

Now, when each blear-ey'd Duncce these noxious Seeds  
 Sows in young Minds, and nurtures up the Weeds;

\* i. e. *Quintus Cincinnatus*.

Ver. 171. *Whose Sighs, &c.*] These two Verses are the Translation of a ridiculous Line, taken from a Poem of *Pacuvius*, entitled *Antiopa*.

Ask you from whence this motley Jargon sprung, 175  
 Whose vile Contagion thus deforms our Tongue ?  
 Ask you, whence came those fulsome Points of Wit,  
 Which charm our Lordlings, and the beardless Pit ?  
 Nay, which are urg'd as Arguments of Weight,  
 Where Life itself's the Question in Debate. 180

Lo thy grey Head obnoxious to the Laws !  
 In Tropes and Figures, plead'st thou *such* a Cause ?  
 In *such* a Juncture, at thy Life's Expence,  
 Must thou be labouring for a *spruce* Defence ?

“ *Theft ! Theft ! O Pedius, to thy Charge I lay.* ”  
 Thus says th' *Accuser*.—What will *Pedius* say ? 186  
 The gentle *Pedius* places all his Hopes  
 In Points, in balanc'd Periods, and in Tropes.  
 “ *How sweet his Turns !* ” the raptur'd Audience cry :  
 “ *How choice his Figures !* ”—How absurd ! say I. 190  
 Canst thou, O *Roman* ! then, submit to please  
 By Arts ? Such tickling, trifling Arts as these ?

175 Say, shou'd the Ship-wreck'd Sailor *sing* his Grief,

Wou'd that prevail on *me*, to lend Relief?

180 The Tablet on your Back, expresses Woe; 195

Is this a Time to warble as you go?

He whose Complaints would bend my stubborn Art,

185 Must bring *me* Tears of *Nature*, not of *Art*.

M. Well, Sir, whatever Blemish taint our *Prose*, 199

Our *Verse*, you'll own, with sweet Improvements flows.

Crude was the Poesy of former Days,

But Oh! what Charms embellish *modern* Lays!

P. Thousands, no Doubt! (thrice happy tinkling

186 Times!)

Witness the Pause that *rhymes*, the Close that *chimes*.

Ver. 195. *The Tablet on your Back*] Wretches who had suffered Ship-wreck, at the same Time that they went along the Streets, making a lamentable Recital of their Misfortunes, carried on their Shoulders (the more to move Pity and Compassion) a pictured Representation of the Dangers, in which they had been concerned.

Ver. 204. *The Pause that rhymes*] *Casaubon* observes, that in the ridiculous Verses immediately following, we are particularly to remark the childish Affectation there is of Jingle, and of what we term *Monkish* or *Middle Rhyme*. To make the Ridiculousness of them more apparent to an *English* Reader, they are translated accordingly.

Witness thou, *Attys*! "Thou, whose lovely Eyes 209

"Cou'd ev'n surprise the Mother of the Skies."

Witness the Dolphin too, "who cleaves the Tides,

"And flouncing rides o'er *Nereus* Sea-green Sides."

Witness thou likewise, "*Hannibal* divine,

"Who of the long-ribb'd *Apennine* didst bravely last

"the *Chine*." 210

M. What of these Lines, Sir? — If you can't admire 'um,

Grant me, at least, they equal *Arma Virum*.

Nay *Virgil's* sure, are spungier still than these;

His empty Lines! like Limbs of dodder'd Trees,

Puft up with fungous, fat Excrescencies! 215

P. These then are Samples of the *lofty* Vein:

Where next, I marvel, is the *tender* Strain?

Where is the gentle Lay, that must be read

With languid Accent, and inclining Head? 219

—Why doubtless, here — \* “ The Bacchanalian Crew

“ Their wreath'd Horns *blew*, and after *Pentheus flew*.

“ He, scornful Calf ! it is decreed, must *bleed* ;

“ His Mother's angry Knife shall do the Deed.

“ His Sisters, joining in the *Mænad Band*, 224

“ With Ivy-armed *Hand* the Subject *Lynx* command,

“ And *Evion* cry ; 'tis *Evion* all around :

“ Echo repairs, and babbles back the Sound.”

But oh, if *Rome's* old Manhood were not fled,

Cou'd such Lines gender in a *Roman Head* ?

Hold, I mistake ; 'tis in the Mouth they grow : 230

*Mænas* and *Attys*, like our Spittle flow.

Their Author thump'd no Desk ; no Finger bit :

His only Toil and Trouble, was — to spit.

C 3

M. Pihaw,

Ver. 101. of the Original. \* *Torva Mimelloneis*] These and the preceding Verses, *Berecyrthius Attin*, &c. have been almost universally supposed to be *Nero's* own : but how unjustly, may be seen in *Monfieur Bayle's Life of Persius* here prefix'd.

Ver. 231. *Mænas* and *Attys*] The two Poems from whence the foregoing Quotations are taken.

Ver. 233. *His only Toil*] *Ben Johnson* in a piece of his, which  
he

*M.* Phaw, be their Poems, good, bad — What you  
will —

Nay, Sir, admit them despicably ill : 235

Must therefore *you*, your venom'd Verse employ ?

*Your* biting Truths the courtly Ear annoy ?

What End will this, this snappish Satire serve ?

What can'st thou purpose, Friend !—unless to starve ?

With Cold and Hunger, shivering wilt thou wait, 240

And barr'd for ever, find the Great Man's Gate.

How can'st thou less expect, in whose harsh Page

The currish *Letter* snarles perpetual Rage ?

*P.* Adieu then, honest Muse ! Write, they who care :

For *me*, let all that's black, at once be fair. 245

he calls an Apologetical Dialogue, seems to have an Eye to this  
Passage, as well as to another in our Author's Prologue.

“ ——— They wou'd think it strange now,  
“ A Man should take but Colt's-foot for one Day,  
“ And, between whiles, spit out a better Poem,  
“ Than e'er the Master of Art, or Giver of Wit  
“ Their Belly made.

Ver. 243: *R*, is called the Dog's Letter ; because the trembling  
Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it, resembles the Snarling  
of a Dog,

Me it concerns not. Henceforth every Line,  
 Gods, how prodigious ! Bless us, how divine !

“ Sure the Resolve (*say you*) is most discreet :

“ Know while you live, your Distance with the Great ;

“ Their Doors are sacred. Satirist, come not near, 250

“ Lay not your excremental Libels *here* !

Paint then (*say I*) with due Inscription round,

Paint then two Snakes : *This, Boys, is hallow'd Ground,*

*Urine not here* ! Nought further need be done ;

Instant, I vanish ; in a Trice, am gone. 255

*Yet* cou'd *Lucilius* lash a vicious Age ;

*Mutius* and *Lupus* felt his grinding Rage.

*Yet* cou'd shrewd *Horace*, with disportive Wit,

Rally his Friend, and tickle while he bit :

Winning Access, he play'd around the Heart ; 260

And gently touching, prick'd the tainted Part.

Ver. 253. *Paint then two Snakes*] The Ancients were used to denote the Sacredness of a Place, by the Representation of *Serpents* ; under the Shape of which Animals, they also characterised their Gods and Genii. For the Reason, see *L'Histoire du Ciel*, Vol. I.

The Crowd he *sneer'd*; but *sneer'd* with such a Grace,  
It pass'd for down-right Innocence of Face.

May not *I whisper* then? — Not any where?

No, not in private?—to a Ditch?—*M.* Not there. 260

*P.* Then *here* I'll bury, hide it *here* I must:

Take thou my *Book!* the Secret to thy Trust.

*I* saw it, *I* myself—— \* “ King *Midas* wears

“ A goodly royal Pair of Asses Ears.”

This secret Sneer, this one Conceit of mine, 270

So meer a Nothing—wou'd not I resign,

For all your Tomes, replete with courtly Wit;

For all the *Iliads*, that were ever writ.

\* See Dryd. Fab. *The Wife of Bath.*

Ver. 122, of the Orig.—*Nullâ tibi vendo  
Iliade—*

It has been doubted if the Word *nullâ* here, does not carry the Meaning farther than *Labeo's* Iliad only; and if the Author does not design to express in the strongest Manner the Esteem he has for his *Nothing*, by saying he would not exchange it for any Iliad, not even that of *Homer's*. I rather agree with *Lubin*, who thinks the Poet would be understood to mean *Nero's* Iliad. For *Nero*, as well as *Labeo*, had written a Poem on the Destruction of *Troy*: And as their Subject was the same, so was their Success in treating it,

Thou then, whom bold *Cratinus*' Zeal inspires,  
 And his free Line with generous Ardor fires ! 275  
 Thou, who grow'st pale o'er *Eupolis*'s Rage ;  
 Pale, o'er the \* *mighty Master*'s drolling Page ;  
 Come *hither* too !—If aught more mellow'd *here*,  
 If, haply, aught more-finish'd, strike your Ear,  
 Let the rare Beauties win you to proceed ; 280  
 O, let your Bosom kindle, as you read !

But as for *Him*, and such like Things as *He*,  
 Who plumes, and takes himself for *some-body*,  
 (Because his Worship's Honour late is grown  
 Clerk of the Market, in some corporate Town ; 285  
 Impower'd forsooth, in that exalted State,  
 To break small Pints, and censure scanty Weight !)  
*Him*, who with Scoffings (dull, and brutal too)  
 Can flout the *Græcian*'s philosophic Shoe ;

Ver. 274. *Eupolis*—*Cratinus*—*Aristophanes*] These were Authors,  
 who exposed Persons as well as Vices in their bare-faced Sa-  
 tire ; and ridiculed the Chief Magistrates of the Commonwealth,  
 by Name, upon the Stage.

\* *Aristophanes*.

Can mock the Blind ; and has the Wit to cry 290  
 (Prodigious Wit !) “ *Why Friend, you want an Eye !* ”  
 From reading what *I* write, let *him* refrain !  
 Be nought *his* Portion—but my just Disdain.

The same to *thee*, whose thick unfurnish'd scull  
 Contemns all Science, fashionably dull ; 295  
 Derides the sage Geometrician's Pains,  
 With all the Lines his learned Dust contains :  
 And then, O then is most supremely blest,  
 When some wise Beard becomes a Strumpet's Jest :  
 Then most transporting Raptures feels within, 300  
 When the pert Wanton tugs the reverend Chin.

No, no ; let *such* mind this, and nothing more :  
 Let them, all Morning, conn the Play-Bills o'er ;

Ver. 297. *his learned Dust*] The Geometricians made their Demonstrations upon Dust, or sanded Floors ; to the End, that the Lines might with Ease be changed, and struck out again at Pleasure. As for the *Abacus*, or *Counting-Table*, the learned may please to refer to Mr. *Holiday's* second Note upon the ninth Sat. of *Juvenal*.

Then

Then dine : From Dinner, to Rehearsals run,

There, with *Calliroe*, waste their After-Noon.

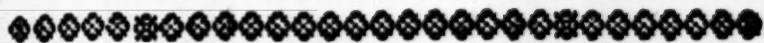
305

Ver. the last of the Orig. *His mane Edictum, post Prandia Calliroen do.*] Most Commentators think *Edictum* in this Place, means the Prætor's Edict; and that by *Calliroe*, we are to understand some Harlot of that Name. But *Marcilius*, with more Reason, takes *Edictum* (agreeably to the Phrases, *Edictum Ludorum, Edictum muneris Gladiatorii, &c.*) to signify a Programma, a kind of Play-Bill, which was stuck up, as ours are, in a Morning; and *Calliroe* to be the Title of a Play, which (as the Bill we may suppose expressed) was to be rehearsed, in the After-noon.

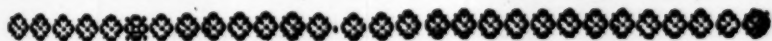
Surely, the Decrees of the Prætor must have been Subjects too serious and rational for such Gentlemen as *Perfius* is here directing himself to; and then *Calliroe*, I apprehend, should seem to be the Name of a Poem, rather than of a Strumpet, because this Satire is so particularly levelled against bad Authors and their wretched Productions.

*The End of the First SATIRE.*





A U L I  
PERSII FLACCI  
S A T I R Æ S E X.



.....

A U L I

PERSII FLACCI

S A T I R A E

.....



# PROLOGUS

A D

## SATIRAM PRIMAM.

**N**EC Fonte Labra prolui Caballino:  
Nec in bicipiti fomniasse Parnasso

Memini ; ut repentè sic Poeta prodirem.

Heliconidasque, pallidasque Pirenen

Illis remitto, quorum Imagines lambunt

5

Hederæ sequaces. Ipse semipaganus

Ad sacra Vatum Carmen affero nostrum.

Quis expedit vit Pfittaco suum χαῖρε ?

Picasque docuit Verba nostra conari ?

Magister

Magister Artis, Ingenique Largitor

10

Venter, negatas artifex sequi Voces.

Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit Nummi,

Corvos Poetas, et Poetrias Picas,

Cantare credas Pegasus Melos.



SATIRA

# SATIRA PRIMA.

## PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. **O** Curas Hominum ! ô quantum est in Rebus Inane !

M. Quis leget hæc ? P. Min' Tu istud ais ?

Nemo, Hercule, Nemo.

M. Vel Duo, vel — P. Nemo. M. Turpe et miserabile.

P. Quare ?

Ne mihi Polydamas et Troiades Labeonem

Prætulerint ? Nugæ ! — Non si quid turbida Roma 5

Elevet, accedas : Examenve improbum in istâ

Castiges Trutinâ : Ne Te quæsieris extra.

Nam Romæ Quis non — ? Ah, si fas dicere ! Sed fas

Tunc, cum ad Canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste,

Aspexi ; et Nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis : 10

Cum sapimus Patruos — tunc, tunc ignoscite — M. Nolo.

D

P. Quid

*P.* Quid faciam? Sed sum petulanti Splene Cachinno.  
*M.* Scribimus inclusi, numeros Ille, Hic pede liber,  
 Grande aliquid — *P.* quod Pulmo animæ prælargus  
 anhelet.

Scilicet hæc Populo, pexusque Togaque recenti, 15  
 Et natalitia tandem cum Sardonyche albus,  
 Sede leges celsa, liquido cum Plasmate Guttur  
 Mobile collueris, patranti fractus Ocello.  
 Hic, neque More probo videas, neque Voce serenâ,  
 Ingentes trepidare Titos; cum Carmina Lumbum 20  
 Intrant, & tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima Versu.

Tun', Vetale, Auriculis alienis colligis Escas?  
 Auriculis! quibus et dicas Cute perditus, *Obe.*

"Quò didicisse, nisi hoc Fermentum, et quæ semel intus  
 "Innata est, rupto Jecore exierit caprificus?" 25

En pallor, Seniumque! O Mores, usque adeone

Ver. 23.—*Cute perditus, Obe*] See Dacier's Horace, Vol. VII.  
 p. 284.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi Te scire hoc sciat alter !

“ At pulchrum est, digito monstrari, est diciæ, *Hic est.*

“ Ten’ cirrhatum centum Dictata fuisse,

“ Pro Nihilo pendas ? ” — Ecce, inter pocula, quærun 30

Romulidæ sature, quid dia Poemata narrent !

Hic aliquis, cui circum Humeros hyacinthina Læna est,

Rancidulum quiddam balba de Nare locutus)

Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, Vatum & plorabile si quid,

Eliquat ; & tenero supplantat Verba Palato. 35

Assensere Viri — Nunc non Cinis ille Poetæ

Felix ? Nunc levior Cippus non imprimit Ossa ?

Laudant Convivæ — Nunc non e Manibus illis,

Nunc non e Tumulo, fortunataque Favillâ,

Nascentur Violæ ? Rides, *ait*, et nimis uncis 40

Naribus indulges : An erit Qui velle recuset

Os Populi meruisse ? et Cedro digna locutus,

Linquere nec Sombros metuentia Carmina, nec Thus ?

Quisquis es, ô modò quem ex adverso dicere feci,

Non Ego, cum scribo, si fortè quid aptius exit, 45  
 (Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit)  
 Laudari metuam : Neque enim mihi cornea Fibra est.  
 Sed Recti Finemque Extremumque esse recuso  
*Euge* tuum et *Bellè*. Nam *Bellè* hoc excute totum :  
 Quid non intus habet ? Non hìc est Ilias Atti, 50  
 Ebria Veratro ? Non si qua Elegidia crudi  
 Dictarunt Proceres ? Non quicquid denique Lectis  
 Scribitur in citreis ?—Calidum scis ponere Sumen ;  
 Scis Comitem horridulum trita donare Lacernâ ;  
 Et Verum, inquis, amo ; Verum Mihi dicite de Me. 55

Qui pote ? Vis dicam ?—Nugaris, cum tibi, Calve,  
 Pinguis Aqualiculus propenso sesquipede extet.

O *Jane*, a Tergo quem nulla ciconia pinfit,  
 Nec Manus Auriculas imitata est mobilis albas ;  
 Nec Linguae, quantum sitiat Canis Appula, tantum ! 60  
 Vos, O patricius Sanguis, quos vivere fas est  
 Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrите Sannæ !

“ Quis Populi Sermo est ? ”—Quis enim, nisi Carmi-  
 na molli

Nunc

45 Nunc demum Numero fluere, ut per læve severos  
 Effundat Junctura Ungues ? Scit tendere Versum, 65  
 Non secus ac si Oculo Rubricam dirigat uno.  
 Sive Opus in Mores, in Luxum, in Prandia Regum,  
 Dicere Res grandes nostro dat Musa Poetæ.

50 Ecce, modò, heroas sensus afferre docemus  
 Nugari solitos Græcè ; Nec ponere Lucum 70  
 Artifices ; nec Rus saturem laudare ; *Ubi Corbes*  
*Et Focus, et Porci, et fumosa Palilia fæno :*  
 55 *Unde Remus, sulcoque terens Dentalia, Quinti,*  
*Quum trepida ante Boves Dictatorem induit Uxor ;*  
*Et tua Aratra Domum Licetor tulit. — Euge, Poeta !* 75

Est nunc, Brisæi quem venosus Liber Acci ;  
 Sunt quos Pacuviusque, et verrucosa moretur  
 Antiopa ; “ ærumnis Cor luctificabile fulta.”

Hos Pueris Monitus, Patres infundere lippos  
 Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc Sartago loquendi 80  
 Venerit in Linguas ? Unde istud Dedecus, in quo

Troffulus exultat tibi per subfellia lævis ?

Nilne pudet, Capiti non posse Pericula cano

Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire, DECENTER ?

Fur es, ait Pedio : Pedius quid ? Crimina rasis 85

Librat in Antithetis : doctus posuisse Figuras

Laudatur. bellum hoc. — hoc bellum ? An, Romule,  
ceves ?

Men' moveat quippe, et, cantet si Naufragus, assem

Protulerim ? Cantas, cum fracta Te in Trabe pictum

Ex Humero portes ? Verùm, nec nocte paratum 90

Plorabit, qui Me volet incurvasse Querelâ.

*M.* Sed Numeris Decor est, & Junctura addita crudis.

*P.* Claudere sic Versum didicit *Berecynthius Attin*,

*Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nereæ Delphin :*

*Sic, Costam longo subduximus Apennino.* 95

*M.* ARMA VIRUM, Nonne hoc spumofum, & Cortice

pingui,

Ut Ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum ?

*P.* Quid.

P. Quidnam igitur tenerum, & laxa cervice legendum?

"*Torva Mimalloneis implerunt Cornua Bombis?*

"*Et raptum Vitulo Caput ablatura superbo* 100

"*Basilaris; et Lynceum Mænas flexura Corymbis,*

"*Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Ecbo.*"

Hæc fierent, si Testiculi Vena ulla paterni

Viveret in Nobis? Summa delumbe salivâ

Hoc natat in Labris; & in udo est Mænas & Attin; 105

Nec Pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues.

M. Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere Vero

Auriculas? Vide sis, ne Majorum Tibi fortè

Limina frigescant. Sonat hîc de Nare canina

Litera — P. Per me, Equidem, sint omnia protinus  
alba; 110

Nil moror. Euge, omnes, omnes benè miræ eritis Res.

Hoc juvat; hic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit oletum;

Pinge duos Angues: *Pueri, sacer est Locus, extrâ*

*Meite: discedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem,*

Te, Lupe, Te, Muti; & genuinum fregit in illis. 115

Omne vafer Vitium ridenti Flaccus Amico

Tangit ; & admissus circum Præcordia ludit :

Callidus excusso Populum suspendere Naso.

Men' mutire Nefas ? Nec clam, nec cum Scrobe ? M.

Nusquam.

P. Hic tamen infodiam : Vidi, vidi Ipse, *Libelle* ; 120

" Auriculas Afini Mida Rex habet—" Hoc Ego oper-  
tum,

Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nulla Tibi vendo

*Iliade*.—Audaci Quicunque afflate Cratino,

Iratum Eupolidem, prægrandi cum Sene palles,

Aspice & hæc. Si fortè aliquid decoctius audis, 125

Indè vaporata Lector mihi ferveat aure.

Non Hic, qui in Crepidas *Graiorum* ludere gestit

Sordidus ; & lusco qui possit dicere, *lusce* :

Sese Aliquem credens, *Italo* quòd Honore supinus,

Fregerit Heminas *Areti* Ædilis iniquas. 130

Nec, Qui Abaco Numeros, & Sexto in Pulvere Metas,

Scit risisse vafer ; multum gaudere paratus,

Si Cynico Barbam petulans *Nonaria* vellat.

His, Mane, Edictum ; post Prandia, *Calliroen*, do.

*Finis* PRIMÆ SATIRÆ.



T H E  
S E C O N D   S A T I R E  
O F  
*P E R S I U S,*

Addressed to MACRINUS on his Birth-day.

*The* A R G U M E N T.

*A* M O N G the Romans, it was usual for one Friend to compliment Another, on his Birth-day, with some Sort of Present. Your Men of Letters (most of them, perhaps, having nothing they could spare so conveniently, as their Works) generally sent, at these Times, some Piece or other of their own composing.

ACCORDINGLY Persius here, upon the Birth-day of Macrinus, addresses to him this Satire.

Now it being customary for the Native to pay his Devotions to the Gods, at such Seasons more particularly ; the  
Poet

*Poet takes thence an Occasion, first of commending the Purity of his Friend Macrinus his Prayers; and then of exposing the sinful Designs of others, in the like Action.*

*THROUGH the whole, he gives us Instances either of Folly or Impiety: where the Petitions People made were unreasonable and criminal, as the Measures taken for the Attainment of them, were absurd and profane.*

*THE Ground of these Abuses was this one mistaken Point: Men imagined divine Beings were to be influenced like mortal Ones, by mercenary Motives: And then (in Consequence of so gross a Principle) thought to conciliate them by Presents, and bribe them by Offerings. Whereas (says the Author) the Gods regard Nothing less: They look not for the Sacrifice of Cost and Expence; but for the Sacrifice of a pure and undefiled Heart.*

*THE Substance of Plato's Dialogue upon Prayer (which doubtless gave Occasion to this Satire of Persius) may be found in the Spectator, N<sup>o</sup> 207.*

**A** GAIN, Macrinus, comes the genial Day,  
(O note with whiter Stone, it's fairer Ray!)

Which, often as revolves the circling Sphere,  
Adds to the past Account, another Year.

Go then, observant of thy natal Hour, 5  
 Go, to thy *Genius* a Libation pour.  
 A plain Libation : for thou know'st to join  
 No Bribe unhallow'd, to a Prayer of thine.  
 Thine, which can every Ear's full Test abide ;  
 Nor need be mutter'd to the Gods, aside ! 10  
 No, *Thou* aloud may'st thy Petitions trust ;  
*Thou* need'st not whisper, other Great-ones must.

For few, my Friend ! few dare, like thee, be plain ;  
 And Prayer's low Artifice, at Shrines, disdain :  
 Few from their pious Mummings dare depart, 15  
 And make Profession of their inmost Heart.

" Keep me, indulgent Heaven ! thro' Life, sincere !  
 " Keep my Mind sound ! my Reputation clear !"  
 —These Wishes, *they* can speak, and *we* may hear. }

Thus far their Wants, are audibly exprest ; 20

Then sinks the Voice, and Mutterings groan the rest :

" Hear, hear at length, good *Hercules* ! my Vow :

" O chink some Pot of Gold beneath my Plow ?

" Could

- " Could I, O could I, to my ravish'd Eyes,  
 " See my rich Uncle's pompous Funeral rise!  
 " Or could I, once, my Ward's cold Corpse attend!  
 " Then all were mine—This Autumn stand my Friend!  
 " Poor scrophulous Youth, his Life is Pain at best:  
 " Kind Death, release him! and we both are blest."  
 " One everlasting Wife sticks close by me,  
 " While Neighbour *Nerius* has dispos'd of *three*!"

But that, with due Solemnity preferr'd,  
 These righteous Sighs may fail not to be heard;  
 Each rising Morn, with lifted Eye and Hand,  
 At *Tiber's* purifying Stream you stand.  
 Twice, thrice, you plunge the Head, with solemn Care,  
 Left Night's remaining Stains should spoil the Pray'r.

Hark now, resolve me, Friend! (no mighty Talk)  
 This one short Question — This is all I ask:

*What are thy Thoughts of Jove? — nay speak — be*

*free,* 40

*Would'st thou prefer Him — "HA? TO WHOM? —*

*let's see,*

*Would'st thou to Staius! — Bless me, why so mute?*

*Yes, yes, thou would'st to Staius, past dispute.*

*Why, can'st thou question which is to be styl'd,*

*The trustier Guardian, to the friendless Child?* 45

*Which for a Judge, thou sooner would'st approve,*

*Abandon'd Staius, or all-perfect Jove?*

*Well, what you urg'd to Jove before, impart*

*To Staius now. Ev'n Staius' self would start.*

*O Jove, O gracious Jove! would he exclaim;* 50

*And must not Jove himself, then, do the same?*

*What, because Thunder strikes the harmless Tree,*

*Shatters the neighbouring Oak, and passes thee;*

*Arguest thou thence, the Thunderer appeas'd?*

*If he be patient, must he needs be pleas'd?* 55

*Ver. 42. Staius was a notorious Wretch, who had behaved particularly villainous in these two Characters, of a Judge, and a Guardian.*

Fool

Fool ! if no Grove behold thy Carcass lie  
 An Object, horrible to human Eye;  
 If yet no expiating Sheep has bled  
 On the sad Spot, where Lightnings riv'd thy Head;  
 Conclud'ft thou, *Jove* lies lolling at his Rest, 60  
 And leaves his foolish Beard, thy wicked Jest ?

Or have thy Offerings bought forsooth ! their Ear,  
 And brib'd the Gods, thus patiently to hear ?  
 'Tis so; thy Victims have their Anger check'd :  
 For Blood of Sheep, besure, has strange Effect ! 65

Behold the Aunt, or reverend Grannum there ;  
 From Cradle, see, she takes her Infant Care !  
 In every Rite of Superstition vers'd,  
 The sacred Spittle, lo, she mingles first !

The

Ver. 58. *If yet no expiating Sheep.*] When any Person was struck dead with Lightning, immediately the Priest (*Aliquis senior qui publica fulmina condit*, Juv. Sat. 6.) came and buried the Body, inclosed the Place, and erecting there an Altar sacrificed on it two Sheep, by Way of Expiation. Hence the Word *Bidental* is by Authors applied indifferently, to the Sacrifice, to the Place, to the Person.

Ver. 69.] Spittle was thought by the Good-Women, &c. to contain

The Finger destin'd to Lustration, dips ; 70  
 Then 'noints his Forehead, and his driveling Lips.  
 This Consecration guards from every Charm:  
 Now, Eyes malignant know no more to harm.

She dandles, next, and dancing it on high,  
 Presents her puling *Precious* to the Sky ; 75  
 Humbly beseeching each Immortal there,  
 To make the hopeful Urchin all their Care ;  
 To give Him, partial to her fond Demands,  
 Now *Craffus*' Houses, now *Licinius*' Lands.

contain a more than ordinary Virtue against Fascination, or an evil Eye: and therefore with a Composition of that and Dirt mix'd together, they rubb'd certain Parts of the Face, by Way of a Preservative. And to make the Charm still more effectual, this was done with the middle Finger. Thus in *Petronius*; *Mox turbatum Sputo Pulverem, Anus medio sustulit Digito, Frontemque repugnantis signat.*

Ver. 74.] When the Business of Expiation was finished, they next offered their Prayers for the Infant: at which Time, they lifted up in their Arms, to shew him, as it were, to the Gods.

Ver. 79.] *Craffus* (says *Plutarch*) purchased so many Houses, that the greatest Part of *Rome*, at one Time or other, came into his Hands. *Licinius* (says the old Scholiast) was a young slave of so saving a Temper, that he let out the Offals of his Meat for Interest, and kept a Register of such Debtors. He was afterwards made a Collector in *Gaul*, where he acquired (as *Perfius* expresses it, Sat. 4. *quantum non Milvus oberret* :) "more Lands than a Kite can fly over." Dr. *Arbutnot*'s Tables, p. 119.

May

" May Kings and Queens aspire to call Him Son! 80

" May to *his* Arms, their eager Daughters run!

" May every Weed, where-e'er the Charmer goes,

" Touch'd by his sudden Foot, become a Rose!"

To *pray* aright, sure asks a prudent Heart:

No Nurse trust I, with this important Part. 85

Be gracious, *Jove!* and hear no Nurse of mine,

'Tho' rob'd in white, and prostrate at thy Shrine.

Nerves firm, and faithful thro' a Length of Years;

*This Votary* asks — well, *Jove* inclining hears.

But hears, in vain : in vain, hears every God. 90

—— Fool, thy loose Life with-holds th' assenting Nod:

Disease lurks latent, in each loaded Dish;

And every rich Ragoust, defeats thy Wish.

*Another* lo ! — He Wealth alone pursues :

To get this Wealth, what Methods will he use ? 95

A fatted Heifer, first, forsooth ! He slays ;

Then to the God of Gain, the Suppliant prays.

" Kind

80 ' Kind *Hermes*, come; on me thy Influence show'r!  
 ' Propitiate to my House, each household Pow'r!  
 ' But chief, thy self smile gracious on my Stock! 100  
 ' *Increase* my lowing Herds, and fleecy Flock!

85 Thou Dolt absurd! do'st thou *increase* Desire,  
 While daily Heifers feed thy Altar's Fire?  
 ' Yes (thinks he) yes; such Offerings cannot fail:  
 ' They must, nay do, already do, prevail. 105  
 ' I see, I see, luxuriant Harvests rise;  
 ' See teeming Ewes drop Twins before my Eyes.  
 ' O large Amends for Disappointments past!  
 ' Ay, now 'tis coming, now it comes at last.

90 Thus while he hopes and sacrifices on, 110  
 Lo every Sheep, and almost Shilling, gone!  
 One melancholy Piece remains alone,  
 And for its Fellows sighs with fruitless Moan.

95 Whence now, proceed these Errors?—doubtless, hence:  
 Man fancies Gods have Man's corrupted Sense. 115

Yes, while my Side-Board groans beneath the Weight  
 Of graven Gold, and massy Silver, Plate;  
 Should I but say, ' Take here, Friend ! take the whole;  
 ' Each labour'd Goblet, and each burnish'd Bowl,'  
 Strait, o'er thy Breast, a Sweat of Joy would rise; 120  
 Thy throbbing Heart, strait own a glad Surprise.  
 Thy natural easy Inference is then,  
 ' Why should not Gods love Gold, as well as Men?'

Hence, to engage their mercenary Hearts,  
 Thou gild'st their Statues, with the costliest Arts: 125  
 Hence, from among the *brazen Brothers*, they  
 Who aptest Cures in purest Dreams convey,  
 Above their Fellows claim thy choice Regard,  
 And Beards of Gold their gracious Pains reward.

Ver. 126.] Antiquity believed that the Gods were pleased oftentimes to communicate thro' Dreams, such Remedies as were adapted to the several Disorders of the Inquirers. *Ideo Medicum Somno petii. Patron.* This at first was accounted the Province of *Apollo* and *Æsculapius* only; but on the breaking out of *Ægyptian* Superstition, *Isis*, *Osiris*, &c. were complimented with the like Abilities; as were also, the 50 Sons of *Ægyptus*, here alluded to: who are called *brazen Brothers*, from their Statues of Brass, which stood together in the Portico of *Apollo Palatinus*.

Gold in our *Temples* has assum'd a Right, 130  
 And *Numa's* frugal Vessels put to flight :  
 The humble Brass of old *Saturnian* Years,  
 Owns its prevailing Power, and disappears :  
 The *Vestal* Urns, see now are gilded o'er ;  
 Plain honest *Tuscan* Ware will down no more. 135

O abject Souls, sunk, ever, deep in Clay !  
 Souls, unenlightned by celestial Ray !  
 Else, could we, thus, affront each sacred Shrine ?  
 Could we, to Gods, mere human Wants assign ?  
 Conclude *them* pleas'd with Presents of Expence, 140  
 Like *us*, poor Things of Flesh, and groveling Sense ?

To please, forsooth, *this groveling Sense of ours*,  
 To the preft Olive, *Cassia* joins its Powers.  
*This* taught the Pearl, to draw th' admiring Eye ;  
*This* taught the Fleece, to drink the *Tyrian* Dye : 145  
*This*, the crude Ore, to quit the Mother Mine ;  
 While Chymic *Arts* the golden Mass refine,

*Vain Arts*, 'tis true: but yet, however vain,  
 Some Use, some Use, *these* Vanities attain,  
 But come, ye Priests! ye Pontiffs, come unfold! 150  
 In *Temples*, tell me, what avails your *Gold*?  
 No more alas! than jointed Babies, laid  
 At *Venus*' Altar, by the nubile Maid.

But, to the Gods, be such the Gift *we* bear,  
 Such, as the great *Meffala*'s dastard Heir, 155  
 From his capacious Censer, pil'd on high,  
 Never, my Friend! no, never can supply.  
 ' *A Soul*, where settled Virtue reigns enshrin'd :  
 ' Where Justice dwells, with Sanctity combin'd :

Ver. 152.] Boys, when they arrived at Puberty, offered up their  
*Bullæ* to their respective Household Gods: and Girls, when they  
 became marriageable, dedicated, in like manner, their *Pupæ* to  
*Venus*: hoping by the kind Influence of that Goddess, to be soon  
 the joyful Mothers of *real* Babies.

Ver. 71. Of the Original—*de magnâ quod dare Lance*] The *Lance*  
 was a large Censer, appropriated to the Rich: but sometimes they  
 made use of the *Acerra* likewise; (see Verse 5.) a little Censer  
 belonging more particularly to the Poor. The meaner Sort of  
 People were content to offer a few Grains only, of Incense; but  
 the Great-ones consumed much larger Quantities. *Datis*, one of  
*Darius* his Captains, is said to have poured upon the Altar of  
*Apollo* at *Delos*, above 300 pound Weight of Incense at one time.  
*Herodotus*. B. VI.

' Within

• Within whose inmost close Recesses lie

160

• Tinctures of generous Honour's deepest Dye.

Such is the Sacrifice the Gods demand:

A Cake suffices, from a spotless Hand.

*The End of the Second SATIRE.*





## SATIRA SECUNDA,

### Ad *PLOTIUM MACRINUM*,

**H**UNC, MACRINE, Diem numera meliore Lapillo,  
Qui Tibi labentes apponit candidus Annos.

Funde Merum Genio : Non tu Prece poscis emaci,  
Quæ, nisi seductis, nequeas committere Divis.

At bona Pars Procerum, tacita libabit Acerrâ, 5  
Haud cuivis promptum est, Murmurque humilesque

Susurros

Tollere de Templis, et aperto vivere Voto.

‘ Mens bona, Fama, Fides;’ hæc clarè, & ut audiat  
Hospes.

Illa sibi introrsùm, & sub Linguâ immurmurat, ‘ O si

‘ Ebullet Patruï præclarum Funus!—et, O si 10

‘ Sub Rastro crepet Argenti Mihi Seria, dextro

‘ Hercule!—Pupillumve utinam, quem proximus Hæres

‘ Impello

Impello, expungam ! Namque est scabiosus, et acri

Bile tumet—Nærio jam tertia conditur Uxor.

Hæc sanctè ut possas, Tiberino in Gurgite mergis 15  
Mane Caput, bis, térque ; & Noctern Flumine purgas.

Heus age, responde ; minimum est quod scire laboro ;

De Jove quid sentis ?—Estne ut præponere cures

Hunc—? “ CUINAM ” ?—Cuinam ? vis Statio ? an, sei-

licet, hæres

Quis potior Judex ? Puerisve quis aptior orbis ? 20

Hoc igitur, quo Tu Jovis Aurem impellere tentas,

Dic agetum Statio. Proh Jupiter ! O bone, clamet,

Jupiter !—At sese non clamet Jupiter ipse ?

Ignovisse putas, quia, cum tonat, ocyùs flex

Sulfure discutitur sacro, quàm Tuque Domusque ? 25

An, quia non Fibris Ovium, Ergennaque jubente,

Triste jaces Lucis, evitandumque Bidental,

Idcirco stolidam præbet Tibi vellere Barbam

Jupiter ? Aut quidnam est, qua Tu Mercede, Deorum

Emeris Auriculas ? Pulmone & lactibus unctis ? 30

Ecce Avia, aut metuens Divum Matertera, Cunis  
 Exemit Puerum! Frontemque, atque uda Labella,  
 Infami Digito, et lustralibus ante salivis  
 Expiat; urentes Oculos inhibere perita.

Tunc Manibus quatit, & Spem macram, Supplice  
 Voto,

35

Nunc *Licini* in Campos, nunc *Crassi* mittit in *Ædea*.  
 ' Hunc optent Generum Rex & Regina! Puellæ  
 ' Hunc rapiant! quicquid calcaverit Hic, Rosa fiat!  
 Ast Ego Nutrici non mando Vota: negato,  
*Jupit.*, hæc Illi, quamvis Te albata rogarit.

40

Poscis Opem Nervis, Corpusque fidele senectæ.  
 Esto, age: sed grandes Patinæ, Tucetaque crassa  
 Annuere his superos vetuere, *Jovemque* morantur.

Rem fruere exoptas, cæso Bove; *Mercuriumque*  
 Arcessis Fibra: ' da fortunare Penates,  
 ' Da Pecus, et Gregibus Fœtum.' Quo, pessime  
 Pacto,

Tot Tibi cum in Flammis *Junicum* Omenta liquecant!

Et

Et tamen Hic extis, et opimo vincere Farto  
 Intendit: 'jam crescit Ager, jam crescit Ovile;  
 ' Jam dabitur, jam jam: ' donec deceptus, et exspes, 50  
 Nequicquam Fundo suspiret Nummus in imo.

Si Tibi Crateras Argenti, incusaque pingui  
 Auro dona feram, sudes; et Pectore lævo  
 Excutias Guttas: lætari prætrepidum Cor.  
 Hinc illud subiit, Auro sacras quòd ovato 55  
 Perducis Facies. Nam, Fratres inter ahenos,  
 Somnia Pituita Qui purgatissima mittunt,  
 Præcipui sunt; fitque Illis aurea Barba.

Aurum Vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit Æra:  
 Vestalesque Urnas, & Tuscum fictile mutat. 60  
 O Curvæ in Terras Animæ, et cœlestium inanes!  
 Quid juvat hoc, Templis nostros immittere Mores?  
 Et bona Diis, ex hac sceleratâ ducere Pulpâ?  
 Hæc sibi corrupto Casiam dissolvit Olivo;  
 Et Calabrum coxit, vitiato Murice, Vellus. 65  
 Hæc Baccam Conchæ rafisse; et stringere Venas

Fer-

Ferventis Massis, crudo de Pulvere, jussit.

Peccat et Hæc, peccat: Vitiis tamen utitur. At Vos

Dicite, Pontifices, in sacris quid facit Aurum?

Nempe hoc, quod *Veneri* donatæ a Virgine Pupæ. 70

Quin damus Id Superis, de magna quod dare Lance  
Non possit magni *Messalæ* lippa Propago:

Compositum Jus, Fasque Animi: sanctosque Recessus  
Mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.

Hæc cedo, ut admoveam Templis, et Farre litabo. 75

**Finis SECUNDÆ SATIRÆ.**

THE  
THIRD SATIRE  
OF  
PERSIUS.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Design of the third Satire, is, to excite in young Noblemen more particularly, a serious Attention to the Studies of Philosophy. To this End, Persius, assuming the Character of a grave Preceptor, reproaches here some Student of Quality, for his Indolence and for his Intemperance. How shameful (says the Sage) is the Course of Life you are leading! to digest the Debauch of the preceding Night, you lie dozing in Bed every Day 'till Noon. Nay, at last, when you rise, instead of employing your Time in learned Pursuits, you are trifling it away in foolish Excuses. You presume, it is like, that High-Birth can privilege

lege

*lege Ignorance; and Wealth make amends for the Want of Wisdom. But this you will find a most grievous Mistake: for know, he that would be happy, must first be wise. Apply then, in time, to Philosophy; pursue her Doctrine, and practise her Precepts. Else, will you soon see your self in the Case of that indiscreet Patient, who, from refusing to regulate his Conduct by the Directions of his Physician, suffers his Complaints to become incurable.*

- **S**O! sure as Morning comes, the Trade's the same!  
 • See, see! broad Day-light (see, and blush with Shame)  
 • Spight of thy bolted Shutters, pierces through,  
 • And every Chink enlarges to the View.

- Yet here dream we, and snore regardless on,  
 • Till Day's serene and precious half be gone.  
 • Sick of the Bottle, here lie we in Bed,  
 • To sleep off drunken Fumes, and aking Head.  
 • Come, don't you stir?—See, sultry Sirius reigns,  
 • And long ago has parch'd the thirsty Plains: 10  
 • O'erpower'd with Heat, the panting Flocks are laid;  
 • Beneath the friendly Elm's refreshing Shade.

*It can't be, sure: replies my yawning Youth :*

*But is it then, so very late, in Truth ?*

*My Cloaths, this Instant !—Slaves, where are you all ? 15*

*Waits there no Varlet, to attend one's Call ?*

*Now boiling Choler swells his ev'ry Vein :*

*He raves, he roars, he rends my very Brain.*

*Twice twenty Asses, when they all begin*

*Their hideous Concert, raise not such a Din. 20*

*But lo, at length, his Bed the Drone forsakes :*

*At length, his Book he spreads ; his Pen, he takes :*

*His Papers here, in learned Order lays ;*

*And there, his Parchment's smoother side displays.*

*But oh, what Crosses wait on studious Men !*

*Now, the black Juice hangs clotted at our Pen.*

*In all my Life, such Ink I never knew :*

*So gummy thick—Dilute it, and 'twill do.*

*Nay, now 'tis Water: and from black, turn'd white :*

*See, the Pen doubles every Stroke I write !*

*O Wretch,*

O Wretch, and born more wretched to become!  
 Each Day contributes to thy Misery's Sum.  
 Are *these*, at last, our Philosophic Fruits?  
 Quit then (say I) quit Virtue's high Pursuits:  
 To softer Life, to downy Ease remove;  
 Be fed, be cocker'd, like a Lady's Doye.  
 Go, like a noble Babe, once more to lap:  
 There, froward Master! squawl for infant Pap;  
 There, at the naughty Breast, be sure to roar;  
 And at the Lulla-bie, scream ten times more.  
*How should I study?—blame my Pen, not me.*  
 Handsome enough! Indeed a manly Plea!  
 Such idle Pretexts, how canst thou repeat?  
 Who is it, Trifler! these Excuses cheat?  
 Know, 'tis thyself: thy-self endures the Wrong,  
 Whose Stream of Life unheeded glides along:  
 Whose Follies, fatal to thy better Fame,  
 Draw down Contempt, and destine thee to Shame.

The ill bak'd Jar, if rung, will sound it's Fault:  
 The Finger's Test proclaims the Vessel naught.

Such wilt thou be ; as yet obedient Clay ;  
 Soft and impressive. Form, without Delay,  
 Form it ; submit it to the Potter's Wheel  
 Now ; let it *now* the plastic Finger feel.

- ‘ But why (*saiſt thou*) this Preachment why to me ? 55  
 ‘ I want not Learning ; I have Means, you ſee.  
 ‘ Lands, once my Father's, own me now their Lord ;  
 ‘ Becoming Plenty decks my modeſt Board :  
 ‘ And need I, can I, *future* Wants ſuſpect,  
 ‘ I, whom my *Lares* (guardian Powers) protect ? 60  
 ‘ I, who devote of every Meal a Share,  
 ‘ And daily merit their continu'd Care ?’

Know thy Deſires no worthier Scope than this ?  
 Is Wealth, is Grandeur then, Life's only Blifs ?

Ver. 61. *Of every Meal,*] The religious Ancients never began eating of what was provided for the Table, till they had firſt assigned their Houſhold Gods a part.

—— Vernaſque procaces.

*Pafco libatis Dapibus.*

Hor. Sat. VI. B. 2.

This humble Offering, they laid upon the *Patella* (which was a little Diſh conſecrated to this particular Purpoſe) and thence conveyed it into the Fire.

Is

Is it enough, that sprung of *Tuscan* Race,  
 A long Descent thro' Pages thou canst trace?  
 Pursue thy Lineage thro' the *Herald's Tree*,  
 And boast the thousandth Branch begins with thee?

Add, that array'd in Pomp of purple Pride,  
 (When *Roman* Knights in fair Procession ride) 70  
 With free Accost, *Rome's* Cenfor thou canst greet,  
 And claim thy Cousin, in the staring Street:  
 Suffices this? for this then, plumes thy Crest?  
 For this, inflated swells thy scornful Breast?  
 Go, prance to Fools; bear, bear thy Trappings hence: 75  
 The tawdry Show may strike *their* dazzled Sense;  
 Affects not *me*. I know thy Wants *within*:  
 The *Covering* cheats not me, who know the *Skin*.  
 How canst thou see, without indignant Shame,  
 Thine, and abandon'd *Natta's* Life the same? 80  
 But *he*, to Pardon pleads some poor Pretence;  
 His want of Virtue springs from want of Sense:  
 Gross Fat involves each Fibre of his Heart,  
 Grows o'er the whole, and deadens every Part.

Guiltless he Wretch! who blind to Wisdom's Charms, 85  
 Knows not her Beauties, while he flies her Arms:  
 Immers'd so deeply in a Sea of Vice,  
 No Bubble speaks an Effort for his Rife.

O *Jove*, when cruel Crimes of deepest Dye,  
 The Crimes of monster Kings, for Justice cry; 90  
 And thou, great Father of the Gods! shalt stand  
 Eager to stretch thy Thunder-darting Hand;  
 Yet stay—this Vengeance let the Wretches meet,  
 This Vengeance rather, as the more complete:  
 Let them behold that Virtue they forfook, 95  
 And pine away, repentant, while they look.'

The brazen Bull with flaming Tortures stor'd,  
 How exquisite a Pain!—The pointed Sword  
 From gilded Cielings, by a single Thread,  
 Impending o'er the purpled Flatterer's Head) 100

Ver. 97. *Brazen Bull—pointed Sword.*] The first of these two  
 stories, is related at large, in *Lucian's Phalaris*: the second, in  
*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations*, V. 21.

How fore a Suffering ! how immensely fore !

And yet there is, who suffers hourly more.

'Tis he, the Wretch whom inward Pangs controul,

And wring this sad Reflection from his Soul :

*I go, I go ! alas, beyond Recall,* 105

*Down, down the headlong Steep of Vice I fall !*

Pale shews his Cheek, while smothering in his Breast

Lurks the dark Secret, not to be express :

There must it lurk, there gall his wretched Life ;

Not be imparted to his bosom Wife. 110

Whilst yet a tender Stripling, I, 'tis true,

Play'd then my silly Pranks, as well as you.

Oft my poor Eyes, with Oil would I besmear,

And thus contract an artificial Blear.

Else, with big Patriot Words and solemn State, 115

Must I have mimick'd dying *Cato's* Fate.

A Task, my pedant Master's fustian Bar

With huge Applauses had been sure to hear.

Nor had my Father fail'd his Praise to join,

Thro' perfect Rapture sweating at each Line : 120

His Friends inviting, to partake his Joy,  
And mark the hopeful Progress of his Boy.

For fitting to my Age, was then my Bliss,  
And all my poor Ambition, only this:  
To know what Stakes the lucky *Sice* would win, 125  
And what th' unlucky *Ace* would lose agen;  
To watch my Fellows with observant Eye,  
While from the tapering Box they troll'd the Dye;  
And see no Lad more dextrous should advance,  
To teach the boxen Top it's circling Dance. 130

But *thy* maturer, more instructed Days,  
Know to distinguish Error's crooked Ways:  
Experienc'd know, what wise, what wholesome Truths,  
The *Porch* delivers to the listening Youths:  
That learned *Porch*, whose storied Walls express 135  
The *Grecian's* Joy, the trowzer'd *Mede's* Distress.

Ver. 135. *That learned Porch &c.*] On the Walls of the *Portico*, where the *Stoics* taught their Philosophy, was painted the Victory which the *Atbenians* obtained, at *Maratton*, over the *Medes* and *Persians*. The *Medes* were drawn habited in a kind of *Trowfes*; a part of Drefs, peculiar to their Country.

*There*, shorn Disciples studious Vigils keep;  
 And Wisdom's midnight Page prefer to sleep:  
 With humble Husks of Pease and Beans are fed,  
 And taste no richer Luxury, than Bread. 140

*There*, has the Samian Y's instructive Make,  
 Pointed the Road, thy doubtful Foot should take:  
*There*, warn'd thy raw and yet unpractis'd Youth,  
 To tread the rising, right-hand Path of Truth.

And art thou still, as Day succeeds to Day, 145  
 Art thou still, drinking, dreaming Life away?  
 Regardless still, of Reason's soberer Law,  
 Nods thy loose Head, and gapes thy yawning Jaw?

Say, hast thou fix'd some certain Mark in View?  
 This, do thy level'd Shafts alone pursue? 150

Ver. 141. *There has the Samian Y.*] *Pythagoras*, a Native of the Island *Samos*, considered the forked Top of this Letter, as an apt Emblem of the two Paths of Virtue and Vice. The left Side, being broad, characters *Vice*; to which the Ascent is wide and easie; the right Side represents *Virtue*; to which the Passage is strait and difficult. *Dryden*.

Or vagrant follow'st thou, with pelting Clay,  
 Each random Crow that fortunes in thy Way ?  
 Does thy Life one determin'd Scope avow,  
 Or looks thy Thought no farther than the *now* ? 154

When Dropfies, once, have fix'd their watery Reign,  
 The swelling Patients fruitlessly complain,  
 And call for Help, and Hellebore, in vain. }

Warn'd hence, be wise: and, to the *coming* Ill,  
 Oppose the Doctor's nice, preventive Skill :  
 Else, may you late, too late, for Health apply, 160  
 When *Craterus* cannot give, nor Millions buy.

Attend then, wretched Youth ! in Time attend,  
 To every natural Cause, and moral End,  
 Look into Man, with philosophic Eye :  
 Consider *what* we are, consider *why*. 165  
 The Race of Life, contemplate: how to start,  
 And how to turn the Goal, with nicest Art.

Learn, to what Limits Wealth should be confin'd;

Learn, to what Uses 'twas by Heav'n assign'd.

Reflect, what Prayers with Reason we may frame; 170

What Debts our Friends, our Parents, Country, claim.

Know, we are posted here, by Power divine;

And think what Post, that Power has destin'd thine.

These Points learn thou, and once enrich'd with  
these,

Grudge the greas'd Advocate, no more, his Fees. 175

What tho' thou see'st his glutted Larders fraught

With numerous Bribes, by rich *Defendants* brought?

See'st Jars on Jars so plentifully pil'd,

That e're one Half are us'd, one Half are spoil'd?

What tho' thou see, see likewise, *Plaintiff*-Throngs 180

Hire, with refreshing Fee, the venal Lungs?

Envy not thou the Knave his Knavery's Price:

Envy not thou, his Gammons or his Spice:

No, nor his Caggs of Sturgeon; sent so fast,

A fresh one comes while unconsum'd the last. 185

But here methinks, some rammish Captain cries;

' This very Wisdom, know Sir, I despise.

' My Scull, unfurnish'd with this trumpery Stuff,

' Serves all my Purposes — and that's enough.

' Who'd wear a Scholard's gloomy grievous Face? 190

' A *Solon*-Phyz? — not I — confound the Race!

' Dull Rogues, who hang the heavy Head awry,

' And fix on Earth the steady, stupid Eye.

' Balancing Words, mean-time, the Students stand;

' The Brow, contract; the critic Lip, expand. 195

' Then with a growling, rusty, rumbling Note,

' Mutter forsooth! mad Gibberish in the Throat.

' Some old sick Dotard's dark disorder'd Dream,

' Their constant Subject, their eternal Theme.

' *Nothing* (cry they) *from nothing can arise*: 200

' *Nothing return to nothing*. — wondrous wise!

' No marvel if, such Jewel-truths to find,

' They grow with fasting, pale; with reading, blind!

He ends: the Audience, all, approve the Jest;

But Transport swells each *Soldier's* brawny Breast. 205

On each Bold Nose, a wrinkling Sneer is found;  
And quavering Laughter echoes loud around.

Let *them* laugh on: hear *thou* what I advise;  
And let another's Folly make thee wise.

A Patient once with Malady oppress'd, 210  
His honest, grave Physician, thus address'd:

‘ Doctor, with Speed, exert your healing Art:  
‘ I feel a strange odd Fluttering, here, at Heart:  
‘ My Throat is parch'd; offensive is my Breath;  
‘ And Eructations—plague me quite to Death. 215  
‘ Pray, feel my Pulse, consider well my Face,  
‘ And say what Remedy befits my Case.’

*Your feverish Case calls, instant, for Repose.*

Instant, to Bed the feverish Patient goes.

Well, the third Day beheld, in every Vein, 220

Life's troubled Current once compos'd again.

But now, alas! he sends a jolly Jug,

(No sickly Noggin, but a mighty Mug)

To some rich Friend, with this attendant Line;

‘ Pray fill it, with your best *Surrentin* Wine.’ 225

Then to the *Baths*, with thoughtless Speed, repairs;

And thither too, this fatal *Potion* bears.

*Good Sir, go home: let my Advice prevail:*

*What, you abroad! and look so wondrous pale?* 229

‘ So wondrous pale!—pho, canting, quackery Stuff:

‘ This, Man! is nothing — I am well enough.’

*Be rul’d, I beg; or else ev’n this, I fear,*

*Nothing as ’tis, may chance to cost you dear.*

*Why, don’t I see, as now it heaves within,*

*A swelling Dropsy bloat your fallow Skin?* 235

‘ Talk’st thou of fallow Skins? go, mind thy own;

‘ And let my Tutor’s Province, pray, alone:

‘ Him I laid long ago, amongst the Dead;

‘ And shall lay thee.’ *Sir, use your Mind — I’ve*

*said.*

Behold then, undismay’d by threatned Ill, 240

Spite of all saving Counsel, bathe he will:

Tho’

Tho' his pale Belly, pampering Dainties bloat;  
And noisom Fumes rise lingering from his Throat.

But, lo, *the steaming Draught* compleats the Case!  
Lo, sudden Tremors every Nerve unbrace! 245  
Down from his Hand the tumbling Goblet goes:  
Distended Gums his chattering Teeth disclose:  
From his lax Lips, in issuing Currents join,  
The unctuous Viand, and *Surrentin* Wine!

See now the Trumpets and the Torches!—see 250  
Our Spark laid out in sad Solemnity!  
Stretch'd on the Bier, bedawb'd with Unguents o'er,  
While his stiff Heels lie pointed to the Door!

*Romans*

*Ver. 242. Tho' his pale Belly, &c.]* The general Custom was, to bathe before Meals: but riotous Gluttons bathed also after Meals, in order to procure sudden Digestion; instead of which, they were sometimes visited with sudden Death. *Juv. Sat. I. V. 143.* they drank plentiful *Draughts of hot Wine*, to promote Perspiration.

*Ver. 252. Stretched on the Bier &c.]* It was the Practice among the *Romans* to lay the dead Body in the Porch of their Houses, near the Threshold; that Passengers might inspect it, and be satisfied whether there were any Signs of a violent Death. For the Benefit of a clearer View the Corps was set in the Position here mentioned,

the

*Romans of Yesterday, their Shoulders lend;*

Convey him to the *Pile* — and there's an End. 255

' Well: how to *me*, pertains this Tale so smart?

' Apply your Finger to my Pulse, or Heart:

' Nor Heart, nor Pulse, betray unwonted Heat.

' — Here then, examine next, these Hands, these Feet.

' Mistaken Man! they too the same will tell: 260

' Both, Feet and Hands, confess that I am well.'

But, should some Miser's glittering Hoard of Gold,

It's sudden Beauties to thy Sight unfold;

Or, should thy Neighbour's lovelier *Fair* advance,

Leering a soft, a melting, meaning, Glance; 265

Then, would thy Pulse beat regularly flow?

Then, would thy Heart these equal Measures know?

the Feet towards the Door. This Way of placing the Dead was likewise in Use among the *Greeks*. *Hom. Il. XIX. V. 212.*

The Word *Porta*, properly speaking, implies the Gate of a *City*; but in this Passage of *Perfius* (and no where else that I remember, says *Casaubon*) it is used to denote the Gate of a *House*.

*Ver. 254. Romans of Yesterday;*] That is to say, his Slaves, who had their Freedom given them, at his Death.

Make

Make a fresh Trial: lo, before you spread  
 Cold o'ergrown Potherbs, and harsh branny Bread!  
 —Well, Sir, how suits the Diet!— gracious Powers!  
 What, does it gall that Lady-mouth of ours? 271

This Minute, see! with pale Affright you stare;  
 Shivering each Limb, and bristling every Hair!  
 The next, how chang'd! now, boils your Blood with Ire;  
 Now, flash your Eye-balls with incessant Fire. 275  
 From every Act you do, or Word you add,  
 Ev'n mad *Orestes*' self would swear you mad.

*The End of the third SATIRE.*



## SATIRA TERTIA.

**N**Empè hæc affidue ! Jam clarum Mane Feneſtras  
Intrat, et anguſtas extendit Lumine Rimas.

Sertimus, indomitum quod deſpumare Falernum

Sufficiat, quinta dum Linea tangitur Umbrâ.

En, quid agis ? ficcas infana Canicula Meſſes 5

Jamdudum coquit, & patula Pecus omne ſub Ulmo eſt.

Unus ait Comitum, ‘ Verumne ? Itane ? Ocius adſit  
Huc aliquis. Nemon’ ? ’ Turgeſcit vitrea Bilis :  
Finditur, Arcadiæ Pecuarîa rudere credas.

Jam liber, et bicolor poſitis Membrana Capillis, 10  
Inque Manus Chartæ, nodofaque venit Arundo.  
Tum querimur, craſſius Calamo quòd pendeat Humor ;  
Nigra quòd infuſa vanefcat Sepia Lymphâ :  
Dilutas, querimur, gemit quòd Fiſtula Guttas.  
O miſer,

O Miser, inque Dies ultrà Miser! Huccine Rerum 15  
 Venimus? At cur non potius, teneroque Columbo  
 Et similis Regum Pueris, Pappare minutum  
 Poscis; et iratus Mammæ, Lallare recusas?

*‘ An tali studeam Calamo?’* Cui Verba? Quid istas  
 Succinis Ambages? Tibi luditur: effluis amens, 20  
 Contemnere. Sonat Vitium percussa, malignè  
 Respondet, viridi non cocta Fidelia Limbo.  
 Udum et molle Lutum es; nunc, nunc properandus, et  
 acri

Fingendus sine Fine Rota. Sed Rure paterno,  
 Est Tibi Far modicum; purum, et sine Labe, Sali-  
 num. 25

Quid metuas? Cultrixque Foci secunda Patella est.  
 Hoc fatis? An deceat Pulmonem rumpere Ventis,  
 Stemmata quòd Tusco Ramum millesime ducis?  
 Cenforemne tuum vel quòd trabeate salutas?  
 Ad Populum Phaleras: Ego te intus, et in Cate,  
 novi. 30

Non pudet, ad Morem discincti vivere Nattæ?

Sed

Sed stupet Hic Vitio; et Fibris increvit opimum  
 Pingue: caret Culpa: nescit quid perdat: et alto  
 Demersus, summa rursus non bullit in Undâ.

Magne pater Divûm, sævos punire Tyrannos 35  
 Haud alia Ratione velis, cum dira Libido  
 Moverit Ingenium, ferventi tincta Veneno:  
 ' Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.'  
 Anne magis *Siculi* gemuerunt Æra Juvenci;  
 Et magis, auratis pendens Laquearibus, Ensis 40  
 Purpureas subter Cervices terruit, ' imus,  
 ' Imus præcipites,' quàm si sibi dicat; et intus  
 Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat Uxor?

Sæpè Oculos, memini, tangebam parvus Olivo,  
 Grandia si nollem morituri Verba *Catonis* 45  
 Dicere, non sano multum laudanda Magistro;  
 Quæ Pater adductis sudans audiret Amicis.  
 Jure: etenim id summum, quid dexter Senio ferret,  
 Scire erat in Voto; damnosa Canicula quantum

Raderet;

Raderet ; angustæ Collo non fallier Oræ ; 50  
 Neu quis callidior Buxum torquere Flagello.

Haud Tibi inexpertum, curvos deprendere Mores ;  
 Quæque docet sapiens, braccatis illita *Medis*,  
 Porticus : insomnis quibus et detonsa Juventus  
 Invigilat, Siliquis et grandi pasta Polentâ. 55  
 Et Tibi, quæ *Samios* deduxit Littera Ramos,  
 Surgentem dextro monstravit Limite Callem.  
 Stertis adhuc ? laxumque Caput, Compagne solutâ,  
 Oscitat hesternum, diffutis undique Malis ?  
 Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis Arcum ? 60  
 An passim sequeris Corvos Testaque Lutoque,  
 Securus quò Pes ferat, atque ex Tempore vivis ?

Helleborum frustra, cum jam Cutis ægra tumebit,  
 Poscentes videas. Venienti occurrere Morbo ;  
 Et quid Opus *Cratæro* magnos promittere Montes ? 65  
 Discite, ô Miseri ! et Causas cognoscite Rerum :  
 Quid sumus ; et quidnam victuri gignimur : Ordo  
 Quis datus : et Metæ quâ mollis Flexus, et undæ.

Quis Modus Argento: quid fas optare: quid asper  
 Utile Nummus habet: Patriæ, carisque Propinquis, 70  
 Quantum elargiri deceat: Quem Te Deus esse  
 Iussit; et humana quâ Parte locatus es in Re.  
 Disce: nec inideas, quòd multa Fidelia putet  
 In locuplete Penu, defensis pinguibus *Umbris*;  
 Et Piper, et Pernæ, *Marfi* Monumenta Clientis: 75  
 Mænaque quòd prima nondum defecerit Orcâ.

Hic aliquis de Gente hircosa Centurionum,  
 Dicat; " Quod sapio, satis est Mihi: Non ego curo  
 " Esse quod *Arcefilas*, ærumnosique *Solones*,  
 " Obstipo Capite, & figentes Lumine Terram; 80  
 " Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa Silentia rodunt,  
 " Atque exporrecto trutinantur Verba Labello,  
 " Ægroti veteris meditantes Somnia: *gigni*  
 " De Nibilo Nibilum, in Nibilum Nil posse reverti.  
 " Hoc est, quod palles! cur quis non prandeat, hoc  
 est!" 85

His Populus ridet ; multumque torosa Juventus  
 Ingeminat tremulos, Naso crispante, Cachinnos.

Inspice ; nescio quid trepidat Mihi pectus ; et ægris  
 Faucibus, exsuperat gravis Halitus ; inspicere fodes,  
 Qui dicit Medico ; jussus requiescere, postquam 90  
 Tertia compositas vidit Nox currere Venas,  
 De majore Domo, modicè sitiente Lagenâ,  
 Lenia loturo sibi *Surrentina* rogavit.

“ Heus bone, Tu palles.” Nihil est. “ Videas tamen  
 istud,

“ Quicquid id est : surgit tacitè Tibi lutea Pellis.” 95  
 At tu deterius palles ; ne sis Mihi Tutor ;  
 Jampridem Hunc sepeli : Tu restas. “ Perge, tacebo.”

Turgidus Hic Epulis, atque albo Ventre, lavatur ;  
 Gutturè sulphureas lentè exhalante Mephites.  
 Sed Tremor inter Vina subit, calidumque Triental 100  
 Excutit e Manibus : Dentes crepuere resecti ;  
 Uncta cadunt laxis tunc Pulmentaria Labris :  
 Hinc Tuba, Candelæ. Tandemque beatulus alto

Compositus Lesto, crassisque lutatus Amomis,  
 In Portam rigidos Calces extendit. At illum 105  
 Hesterni Capite induto subiere Quirites.

Tange, Miser, Venas; et pone in pectore Dextram :  
 Nil calet hîc. Summosque Pedes attinge, Manusque :  
 Non frigent——Visa est si fortè Pecunia, five  
 Candida Vicini subrisit molle Puella; 110  
 Cor Tibi ritè salit? Positum est, argente Catino,  
 Durum Olus; & Populi Cribro decussâ Farina :  
 Tentemus Fauces. Tenero latet Ulcus in Ore  
 Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere Betâ.

Alges, cum excussit Membris Timor albus Aris-  
 tas: 115

Nunc, Face supposita, fervescit Sanguis, & Irâ  
 Scintillant Oculi: dicisque, facisque, quod ipse  
 Non sani esse Hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

*Finis TERTIÆ SATIRÆ.*



THE  
FOURTH SATIRE  
OF  
PERSIUS.

*The* ARGUMENT.

**P**LATO, in one of his Dialogues, introduces Socrates holding a Conversation with Alcibiades, and reprov-  
ing that young Athenian for meddling so early with State-Affairs. Alcibiades was then quite young and unexperi-  
enced; but being of a Temper very vain and ambitious, and presuming upon his Birth, his Fortune, and the great Authority of his Guardian and Relation, Pericles, he looked upon himself, even at that time, as equal to the most im-  
portant Undertakings.

THIS Dialogue of Plato's, Persius has in some Mea-  
sure translated: but what the Philosopher relates as passing  
there

there between Alcibiades and Socrates, the Poet would have us apply here to Nero and (his Tutor) Seneca.

AT the time this Satire was wrote, Nero had not entirely thrown off his Mask; but, whatever Debaucheries he might practise in secret, to the public he still continued to personate a Character of some remaining Virtues. It is for this reason, we find Persius assuring him, that no Man's Actions can ever be so concealed, but that the World, some way or other, will come at the Knowledge of them. The Compliments of your Flatterers (says he) will avail you but little: whatever Perfections they may please to allow you, the rest of Mankind, and your own Conscience, will not fail to present you with a very different Account.

T WAS thus, of old, the bearded awful Sage  
 (He, the fam'd Victim of *Athenian* Rage,  
 Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice from Life remov'd)  
 Address'd th' aspiring, forward Youth he lov'd:

*Ver. 3. Whom Hemlock's fatal Juice]* The Manner of putting State-Criminals to Death at *Athens*, was by poisoning them with a Liquor express'd from the *Cicuta*; a cold venomous Plant, to which our Hemlock is supposed to bear some Affinity. *Socrates*, having fallen under the People's Displeasure, for explaining himself too freely upon some of their gross Errors, was condemned to drink this deadly Draught.

You then, presume to guide Affairs of State, 5  
 And load your Shoulders with a Nation's Weight.  
 What blest Attainments, I would humbly ask,  
 Equal my Stripling to this arduous Task?  
 Resolve me, you; you, born forfooth, to share  
 The mighty *Pericles'* instructive Care! 10

No Marks of Manhood, on your Chin we find;  
 But, doubtless, many must adorn your Mind.  
 Bless me, so young, and so experienc'd too!  
 What Wonders meet, consummate Sir, in you!  
 You know, besure, on every various Head, 15  
 What should be sunk in Silence, what be said!

Behold, Sedition thro' the People reigns;  
 Bile rolls impetuous thro' their burning Veins!  
 Oh for a Man, their Madness to assuage,  
 And with mild Reason, still their clamorous Rage! 20

Eager to speak, and forward to command,  
 Lo you arise! and wave the solemn Hand.

Silence

Silence succeeds----ease now that labouring Breast :

Now say, what Counsel swells to be exprest ?

*I think my Countrymen! I think, in This* 25

*Ye act unjustly; and in That, amiss.*

*Would ye behave as Reason's Rules require ?*

*Go, to your proper Homes, in Peace retire.*

For, with nice Hand, the Balance you sustain,

And weigh out Justice, to a single Grain; 30

Perceive which Side is destin'd to prevail,

While, as yet doubtful, nods the wavering Scale!

*You*, if a Line the least from Straitness swerve,

See it, at once, deflecting to a Curve!

Or, if the Compass should incline awry, 3

Soon *you* discern it, with sagacious Eye.

*You* trace the Knave, thro' all his doubling Tricks;

Then, to his Name, the fatal Letter fix!

*Ver. 38. The fatal Letter*] The *Athenian* Judges prefixed to the Names of such Criminals as they sentenced to Execution, the Letter *Tbeta*: i. e. the first Letter of the Word which, in the Greek Language, signified *Death*.

Ah, leave, young Statesman! leave such weighty  
Cares,

Till Judgment ripen with maturer Years. 40

For what avails a varnish'd outward Skin,

If an untutor'd Mind remains within?

Why to the Crowd, why then this earnest Suit,

The fawning Cringe, and popular Salute?

Let *each Anticyra*, first purge thy Brain; 45

A Task, *one* Island would attempt in vain.

For tell me, pray, resolve me only this;

'What makes the Sum of sublunary Blifs?'

*Good Cheer, no doubt; delicious daily Treats;*

*Soft Pleasures, suppling Oils, and sunny Heats.* 50

That cripled Beldame, who comes hobling by,

If ask'd the like, would give the like Reply;

*Ver. 45. Anticyræ*] These were two Islands, famous for producing *Hellebore*. See Note on Sat. I. V. 116.

*Ver. 50. Sunny Heats.*] They used to anoint their Bodies, and then bask in the Sun, to make their Pores imbibe the Oil.

The same her Thoughts, her Appetites the same:

Go now, go Wretch! thy usual Vaunts proclaim!

' *I spring of noble Race; see here, in me,* 55

' *The great Dinomache's Descendant see!*

' *I too have Beauty.*'---That we all confess,

But as for Wisdom, *Baucis* has not less,

Old goody *Baucis*, who, in tatter'd Gown,

Screams out her Herbs to every Slave in Town. 60

Into themselves, how few, how few, descend;

And act, at home, the free impartial Friend!

None see their own, but all, with ready Eye,

The pendant Wallet on a Neighbour spy:

All too, with ready Tongue, recount his Shame, 65

And tack his every Error to his Name.

Should I but ask (for Instance) ' *Have you seen*

' *The Farms of one Vellidius?*'---Whom d'you mean?

' *Why, the rich Sabine, whose Extent of Ground*

' *Would tire the wheeling Kite to measure round.* 70

Oh,

- ‘ Oh, mean you Him ! of Heaven and Earth the Scorn,
- ‘ With angry Gods, and adverse Genius born;
- ‘ Who (even then, when Steers resign the Yoke,
- ‘ And Ploughs hang useless on the Cross-way Oak)
- ‘ O’er his poor mouldy Jar a Niggard stands, 75
- ‘ And opes it’s pitchy Vent, with bogling Hands?
- ‘ *Ye Gods, (groans he) ye Powers, propitious grant*
- ‘ *This Day’s Profusion may not end in Want !*
- ‘ Then on a salted Onion makes his Meal;
- ‘ Spares not a Coat, but munches e’en the Peel: 80
- ‘ Nay guzzles (to digest this luscious Cheer)
- ‘ Dead, acid, mothery Lees, for wholesome Beer.
- ‘ His Clowns, mean-time, a barley Pudding treats,
- ‘ And makes each Bumpkin chuckle as he eats.’

Thus on *Vellidius*’ Life, dost thou enlarge; 85  
 There is, who thine shall full as freely charge.  
 Yes, if thou pass effeminate away,  
 In Oils and Sunshine, all the slothful Day,  
 Some one there is (unknown, unthought of) nigh,  
 Prompt to retort th’ unwelcome harsh Reply: 90

He then, indignant, shall thy Crimes recite,  
 And drag each lewder Action forth to Light.  
 Tell with what Pains you keep the Member bare,  
 And from the *Cushion*, root each manly Hair :  
 That all the Town, their Pathic may approve, 95  
 Smooth'd and completed to the Taste of Love.

' A Bush of Beard (says he) with grizly Grace  
 ' Comb'd and perfum'd, is *cherish'd* on thy Face;  
 ' Why must thou then, more modest Parts deprave?  
 ' Why strip off that, which bounteous Nature gave? 100  
 ' But take the Heroes of the *Circus* round,  
 ' Not any five can clear the shrubby Ground.  
 ' Oils let them pour, with Pincers let them strain,  
 ' Yet shall Oils supple, Pincers tug, in vain :  
 ' The Fern, deep-rooted, shoots o'er all the Soil, 105  
 ' And mocks the Harrow's Teeth, and Ploughman's  
 Toil.'

Thus in a Circle, Censure goes its Round :  
 We give alternate, and receive the Wound:

Establish'd Practice has ordain'd it thus,

We rail at others, others rail at us.

110

Say tho', the curious World in vain should pry,

Say that thy Faults escape the sharpest Eye;

Yet, can'st thou cheat the Censor in thy Breast?

No, Conscience calls each Failure to the Test.

Thy rich broad Belt (it cries) may gild thy Sides,

115

But cannot cure the secret Sore it hides.

What tho' the blinded World pronounce thee sound,

Will not thy Nerves reclaim that feel the Wound?

*But lo, my Neighbours with one Voice agree,*

*Perfection's self is center'd sole in me!*

123

*What must I do? instruct me how to act:*

*Say, can I question, what they swear is fact?*

Wretch! if the Glimpse of Gold alarm thy Breast,

While on thy Cheek pale Avarice sits confest;

If thou pursuest each Midnight lewd Design

125

That Lust can dictate, Lust inflam'd with Wine;


(Cautious

(Cautious a Guard of Bullies to provide,  
 Who back th' Abuse, and hector at thy Side)  
 If with thy Crimes, each sacred Place be stain'd,  
 The *Forum's* self with Outrages prophan'd: 130  
 If such thy Life, go, credit Fame no more,  
 Tho' Mobs applaud, tho' Multitudes adore:  
 No more to flattering Crowds thy Ear incline,  
 Eager to drink the Praise, which is not thine.

Applause unmerited, should move Disdain; 135  
 Give it the cobling Donors, back again.  
 To know thyself, *Abroad* no longer roam;  
 Compute thy Worth, from what thou find'st at *Home*.

Ver. 127. *Cautious a Guard, &c.*] *Nero* it seems was a kind of Mohock in his Diversions; and committed numberless Indecencies, nay even Robberies and Cruelties, disguised under the Habit of a Slave. Sometimes he met with a vigorous Opposition, and at last was soundly beaten: for which Reason, he went afterwards attended with a parcel of Gladiators. *Casaubon* observes that it is to this *Perfius* here alludes, *Si Puteal multâ &c.* but the Poet (says he) designedly left the Words capable of another Construction; to the End that if he should be accused of glancing at the Emperor, by Means of this Ambiguity he might elude the Charge.

*The End of the fourth SATIRE.*



## SATIRA QUARTA

**R**EM Populi tractas? (*Barbatum hæc crede Magistrum  
Dicere, Sorbitio tollit quem dira Cicutæ.*)

Quo fretus? dic hoc, magni Pupille *Pericli*.

Scilicet Ingenium, et Rerum Prudentia velox,

Ante Pilos venit; dicenda, tacendaque, calles! 5

Ergo, ubi commota fervet Plebecula Bile,

Fert animus calidæ fecisse Silentia Turbæ,

Majestate Manûs. Quid deinde loquere?—*Quirites,*

*‘Hoc, puto, non justum est; Illud malè; rectius istud.’*

Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere Lance 10

Ancipitis Libræ: Rectum discernis, ubi inter

Curva subit; vel cum fallit Pede Regula varo:

Et potis es nigrum Vitio præfigere Theta.

Quin tu, igitur, summa nequicquam Pelle decorus,

Ante Diem blando Caudam jactare Popello 15

Definis,

Definis, *Anticyras* melior sorbere meracas?

Quæ Tibi Summa Boni est?—'uncta vixisse Patellâ

'Semper, & assiduo curata Cuticula Sole.'

Expecta; haud aliud respondeat hæc Anus. I nunc,

*Dinomaches* Ego sum, suffla, sum candidus. Esto, 20

Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucia *Baucis*,

Cum benè discincto cantaverit *Ocyma Vernæ*.

Ut Nemo in sese tentat descendere! Nemo:

Sed præcedenti spectatur Mantica Tergo.

Quæsierim, 'nostin' Vestidi Prædia?' *Cujus?* 25

'Dives arat Curibus quantum non *Milvus* aberret.'

Hunc ais? hunc, *Diis iratis Genioque sinistro*:

*Qui quandoque Jugum pertusa ad Compita figit,*

*Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere Limum,*

*Ingemit, hoc bene fit; tunicatum cum Sale mordens* 30

*Cæpe: & farrata Pueris plaudentibus Ollâ,*

*Pannosam Fæcem morientis sorbet Aceti?*

At si unctus cesses, et figas in Cute solem,

Est prope Te ignotus, Cubito qui tangat, & acre

Despuat in Mores ; Penemque Arcanaque Lumbi 35

Runcantem ; populo marcentes pandere Vulvas.

*Tu cum Maxillis balanatum Gausape pectas,*

*Inguinibus quare detonsus Gurgulio extat ?*

*Quinque Palæstritæ licet hæc Plantaria vellant,*

*Elixasque Nates labefactent Forcipe aduncâ,* 40

*Non tamen ista Filix ullo mansuescit Aratro,*

Cædimus, inque Vicem præbemus Crura sagittis :

Vivitur hoc Pacto : Sic novimus. Ilia subter,

Cæcum Vulnus habes ; sed lato Balteus Auro

Prætegit : ut mavis, da Verba, et decipe Nervos, 45

Si potes. ‘ Egregium cum Me Vicinia dicat,

Non credam ? ’ viso si palles, improbe, Nummo ;

Si facis, in Penem quicquid Tibi venit amarum ;

Si pateal multa cautus Vibice flagellas ;

Nequicquam Populo bibulas donaveris Aures. 50

Respue quod non es : tollat sua munera Cerdo :

Tecum habita, et noris quam fit Tibi curta Supellex.

*Finis QUARTÆ SATIRÆ.*



THE  
FIFTH SATIRE  
OF  
PERSIUS.

The ARGUMENT.

THIS Satire is confessedly the most valuable of all the Six. Persius, in the first part of it, expatiates in the Praises of Annæus Cornutus, a famous Stoic, who had been his Preceptor in Philosophy; and, in that Station, had deserved, from his Scholar, not only the highest Acknowledgments, but the tenderest Affection. He then exhorts others likewise, to pursue the same Methods himself had done; that so they might attain to true Wisdom, and by that Means arrive at real Freedom. For with the Stoics it was a Maxim, that 'all Men but the Wise were actually Slaves.' This Point Persius maintains to the End of the Satire, against an Opponent, who, having received

H .

his

his Freedom at the Hands of the Prætor, would, therefore, needs insist that he was now a Slave no longer. A Consequence, which the Author will by no Means allow him: for where is the Difference (says he) whether you remain in Subjection to the Commands of a Master, or to the Tyranny of a Passion? What avails it, your having got rid of one Lord, if you still continue a Slave to twenty? Namely, to Ambition, to Avarice, to Luxury, to Superstition, &c.

Perfius. ‘ **O** for a hundred Pair of brazen Lungs!

‘ **O** for a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues!

’Tis thus our Bards, whate’er high Theme they chuse,  
By Custom taught, address the favourite Muse:  
Whether some boistrous, buskin’d Plot they form,  
To rend the Actor’s Throat with *tragic* Storm;  
Or else, in *Epic*, sing the *Partbian*’s Smart,  
Extracting from his Groin the *Roman* Dart.  
The same my Wish——

*Cornutus*.——Thine too, my *Perfius*! thine?  
With all these Voices, what canst *thou* design?

What huge Heroics, in thy Bosom pent,  
 Demand a hundred Throats, to give them vent?  
 To Bards alone of fustian Race, belong  
 These Fogs of *Helicon*, these Flights of Song:  
 Bards! who, to frighted Theatres, reveal 15  
 The tragic Horrors of *Tbyestes'* Meal;  
 Or know to cook fam'd *Progne's* bloody Treat;  
 Where witless *Glycon*, oft and oft, must eat.

*Their* labouring Lungs, like heaving Bellows, strain,  
 To ply that ever-working Forge, their Brain: 20  
 \* With inward Murmurs, croak *their* solemn Throats,  
 Hoarse as the boding Raven's rusty Notes:  
*Their* very Cheeks, apt Emblems of their Mind;  
 Still big with Tempests of imprison'd Wind.

Ver. 16. &c. *Tbyestes—Progne—Glycon.* ] *Glycon* was some wretched Tragedian of those Times, who acted the Parts of *Atreus* and *Tbyestes*; and accordingly represented both of them as eating their own Children. That horrid Entertainment is said to have been prepared for *Atreus*, by his Wife *Progne*.

\* See Sat. III. V. 197.

But no Bombast deforms *thy* natural Line;  
Mild and familiar, is each Word of thine.  
A just Connexion smoothes thy nervous Page;  
No Madness there, no mouthing empty Rage.  
With happy Skill, knows thy Satiric Hand  
The pale Offender's guilty Front to brand:  
Thy well-bred Raillery, gives wholesom Smart;  
And mends the Morals, while it shames the Heart.

*Thy* Talent this: this still do thou profess;  
The bloody *tragic* Feast, let others dress:  
Thee, the plain Follies of a *common* Board,  
Much better suit, much fitter Theme afford.

*Perf.* With pompous Trash to swell the frothy Line,  
Is not indeed, my Friend! What I design.  
No noisy Nothings studious to indite,  
To thee, *Cornutus*, thee alone I write.  
Fain would the Muse lay open to thy Test,  
Each latent Thought, each Winding of my Breast:

There,

There, to thy strictest View, disclose my Heart  
And there shew *thee*; it's dearer, better Part.

O prove me thou! attentive ring the Ware; 45  
And, from the Sound, the Vessel's Worth declare.  
Thou! skill'd to separate Truth, from base Pretence;  
And Flattery's Guile, from Friendship's honest Sense!

For this alone, this dear delightful Task,  
A hundred Voices, I, presumptuous, ask: 50  
To pour out all my Soul, and thus express  
*Thee* deeply rooted in it's last Recess.  
Lock'd in my Breast, must else the Truth remain;  
A Truth, *one* Tongue can ne'er enough explain.

Scarce had I quitted (free from infant Fears) 55  
The *Purple*, Guardian of my tenderer Years;

Scarce,

Ver. 56, &c. The *Purple*—*Manly Gown*—*Bulla*.] The Habit worn by the younger Noblemen was edged about with a Border of *Purple*; an Ornament which had the Repute of being sacred, and was therefore assigned to Children as a Sort of Preservative About the Age of 16 or 17 they laid aside this Garment, and were invest-

Scarce, to my Patron Image, had I bore  
 The *Bulla*; pendant on myself, before;  
 (Privileg'd now, by Use of *manly Gown*,  
 To ransack each lewd Corner of the Town;  
 Crowds of Associates pointing out the Way,  
 Prompt to seduce me, Pleasure's easy Prey)  
 Scarce, had I reach'd the slippery Point of Life,  
 Where Vice and Virtue wage a doubtful Strife;  
 Where Inexperience, flexile Youth betrays,  
 And leads it devious thro' her mazy Ways;  
 But lo, *Cornutus*, thy directing Hand  
 Sudden I sought, I stoop'd to thy Command:  
 On thy *Socratic* Bosom, lay reclin'd;  
 While wholesom Precepts form'd the listening Mind! 70

ed with the *Manly Gown*. At the same Time they parted likewise with another Ensign of their Youth, called the *Bulla*. This was a small golden Medal, in the Shape of a Heart, and was worn upon the left Side of the Breast. Now in every Family, they placed as many little Images about their Household Gods, as there were Sons in the House: And when the *Bulla* was left off by the Youth, it was hung about the Neck of his respective Image. Hence *Petronius*, *Lares bullatos suprà Mensam posuerunt*.

These *Bulla* came afterwards to be hung to the Diplomas of Emperors and Popes; from whence they have the Name of *Bulla*.  
*Dr. Arbuth. Tab.*

Thy

Thy Standard Rule, with nice Address apply'd,  
 Corrected every Thought, that warp'd aside;  
 My Soul, by Reason's Force convicted stood,  
 It's Errors saw, and strove to be subdu'd.  
 Thy abler Skill, submissive, it obey'd; 75  
 It took the Stamp thy forming Finger made.  
 With *thee* I, frequent, pass'd the pleasing Day,  
 \* While Summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away :  
 With *thee*, while frugal Feasts prolong'd Delight,  
 It's earlier Hours I borrow'd from the Night. 80  
 One were our Studies, and (those Studies done)  
 As one our Labour, was our Leisure one.  
 Whilst inoffensive, modest, Mirth's Allay,  
 Softned the Rigour of the serious Day.

Doubtless, at both our Births, one Planet rose ; 85  
 Such strange Agreement both our Lives disclose.  
 Haply, Fate bade the *Balance* then prevail ;  
 Fate, weigh'd our Moments in that equal Scale.

\* Mr. Pope's Epistle to Mr. *Jervas*.

Haply, the *Twins* our kindred Hearts incline;  
 The faithful *Twins*, an ever-friendly Sign!  
 Perchance, stern *Saturn* might th' Ascendant sway;  
 Stern *Saturn*, temper'd by *Jove's* milder Ray.  
 At least, some Star unknown, our Minds controuls;  
 Some Star, 'tis sure, in Union knits our Souls.

Thro' all the Kind, thro' Nature's numerous Sons, 95  
 Look; and you see no *general* Impulse runs:  
 A different-Bias in each Breast you trace;  
 You find the Brain as various as the Face.

One the prevailing Lust of Wealth obeys;  
 He, *Roman* Wares to *Eastern* Climes conveys: 100  
 From *Eastern* Climes, wafts wrinkled Pepper home;  
 And *Cummin's* spicy Seeds imports to *Rome*.  
*Cummin!* that gives, more frequently than Greek,  
 A learned *Paleness*, to the Student's Cheek.

Luxu-

103. *Cummin that gives &c.*] The Seeds of *Cummin*, if taken inwardly, were said to be of extraordinary Virtue for causing *Paleness*: And (according to some of the Commentators) certainly are so.  
 Info-

Luxurious Ease, behold ~~another~~ chuse! 105

Batt'ning lies he, in Slumber's balmy Dews.

The *Campus*' active Feats, a *Third* employ:

The Race, the Chariot, his supremest Joy.

*This* Spark, the frail consuming *Die* devours;

While *That* dissolves away in loose Amours. 110

But ah, when jovial Health, at length, is flown,

And the Gout's chalky Knots cramp every Bone;

In every Limb, when crippling Tortures meet,

(Limbs! more like withered Boughs, than Hands and Feet)

How do the Wretches, then, too late lament 115

A Life in Darknefs and in Error spent!

Infomuch that, let a Lady (say they) after painting her Cheeks  
ever so *red*, swallow but a few Seeds of this Plant, and she shall  
again become as *pale* as she was before.

For this Purpose, it was used by the Ancients; especially by  
such Coxcombs as were desirous of acquiring the Complexion, (in  
order to obtain the Reputation) of great Scholars. Thus *Pliny*,  
L. 20. C. 14. Veruntamen omne *Pallorem* bibentibus gignit. Ita  
certe ferunt *Porcii Latronis* clari inter Magistros dicendi, adfectato-  
res, *Similitudinem coloris studiis contracti imitatos*: and *Horace* Epist.  
19. L. 1.

—— quæd jē

*Pallerem casu, biberent exanguæ Cuminum.*

What

What dire Remorse excruciates, then, the Mind,  
Then, when they view that Virtue they declin'd!

*Thou other far: these wiser Joys engage:*  
*Thy faded Cheek hangs o'er the midnight Page.* 120

'Tis thine, the Soil of youthful Minds to weed;  
First clear the Ground, then sow the *Stoic* Seed.

To this, ye Young! to this, ye old, attend;  
From *hence*, be drawn some fix'd determin'd End.  
*Hence*, for your Voyage, needful Stores prepare; 125  
So shall ye sail thro' Life, unknown to Care.

*' This we design; but till to-morrow stay.'*  
You'll act to-morrow, as you act to-day.

*' May not we then, so short a Truce procure?*  
*' One Day can make no mighty Difference, sure.'* 130

Much you mistake: this Day, some Hours ago,  
Was styl'd to-morrow; now no longer so.

A fresh

A fresh to-morrow, every Day will rise ;  
 Till, in to-morrows, your Existence flies. 134  
 Mark there, those Chariot Wheels: how near they roll,  
 How near each other, on the self-same Pole!  
 Yet join, they cannot—For, with even Speed,  
 The Wheels before, and Wheels behind, proceed.  
 The foolish Follower, thus to-morrow fly ;  
 Ne'er to be over-taken, ever nigh. 140

Snatch then the *now* ; incline the listening Ear  
 To *Stoic Lessons*, while to-day is here.  
 Be Freedom thence, be thence *true Freedom* got :  
 That which your *Tribes* bestow, avails ye not.  
 The Freedom *they* confer, each *Publius* too 145  
 (Each upstart *Publius*) boasts as well as you ;  
 His Talley's Influence gives him to obtain,  
 As well as you, his Dole of scurvy Grain.  
 Oh, with what Madness must their Minds abound,  
 Who think a *Roman* made by turning round ! 150

See

Ver. 150. A Roman made by *turning round*.] Mr. Addison, in his Dialogues, has taken Notice of the Beauty of this Passage ;

‘ I can-

See there that *Dama*! now, a worthless *Slave*,  
 Of knavish Muletiers the veriest Knave!  
 Let but his Master one small Twirl bestow,  
 Plain *Dama*, strait, shall *MARCUS Dama* grow.

*Thou scrupulous Fool! afraid to lend thy Pelf!* 155  
*Lo, the Security is Marcus' self!*

*Marcus sits Judge: what, turn'st thou pale with Fears*  
*Of Wrong, when Marcus on the Bench appears?*

‘ I cannot forbear (says *Cymbio*) repeating a Passage out of  
 ‘ *Persius*, that, in my Opinion, turns the Ceremony of making a  
 ‘ *Freeman* very handsomely into Ridicule. It seems the clapping  
 ‘ a *Cap* on his Head, and giving him a *Turn* on the Heel, were  
 ‘ necessary Circumstances. A *Slave* thus qualified became a *Citizen*  
 ‘ of *Rome*, and was honoured with a *Name* more than belonged to  
 ‘ any of his Fore-fathers.’

Besides the *Cap* and the *Turn* on the Heel, there were some other  
 Circumstances required in the Ceremony of Manumission, which  
 are likewise alluded to in this Satire: as the *Prætor's* and *Lictor's*  
*Wand*, V. 176. The *Prætor* laying a *Wand* upon the *Slave's*  
 Head, said, *I will that this Man become free*; and then delivered the  
*Wand* out of his own Hand into the *Lictor's*, V. 362. Then the  
 Name of the Person thus admitted to Freedom was inrolled in one of  
 the *Tribes*, and himself presented with a *Ticket* that intitled him to  
 all public Doles and Donations. This explains the Lines just pre-  
 ceding.

Did

Did Marcus say 'twas *Fact*? then *Fact* it is:  
No Proof so valid, as a Word of his. 160

A legal Witness, lo, these Wills demand!

MARCUS, be pleas'd to set your Worship's Hand.

A Sample here, of perfect Freedom, see:

Thanks to our Caps, they make us charming free!

Dama. Nay Sir, who else should Freedom style his  
own, 165

But he who leads a Life control'd by none?

That Life lead I—your Judgment, now, declare;

Now say, can *Brutus*' self with me compare?

*Perf.* Hear, my good Friend! the *Stoic* Sage reply:

The *Stoic* Sage (whose sharpen'd mental Eye 170

Discerns each Object in the clearest Light)

Thus plainly proves thy reasoning is not right:

' Who leads (says he) a Life control'd by none,

' That Man, we grant, may Freedom style his own:

' But

' But that *thou* lead'st a Life by none controll'd, 175  
& That we deny ; that Logic will not hold. '

*Da.* Not hold ! pray tell, what meant the *Prætor's*  
Wand ?

Why felt my Head his authorizing Hand ?

Was not I thence, enabled to fulfil

Each varying Dictate of my Sovereign Will ? 180

*Provided* always, that a decent Awe

Keeps me within the Bounds prescrib'd by Law.

*Per.* Friend, to thy Error listen : but compose

Thy Temper, first ; smooth, first, thy sneering Nose :

These old-Wives Tenets, will I soon refute, 185

And from thy Breast the ancient *Grannum* root.

Say then, this Freedom how didst thou receive ?

The *Prætor* give it ! has it he to give ?

Can he make Fools Life's nicer Duties know ?

Can he the Freedom of the *Mind* bestow ? 190

Should

[ III ]

Should he (suppose) to some rough Soldier say,  
 ' Lo there the Harp! 'tis I ordain it, play:  
 ' With dextrous Skill, each sweetest Note explore.'  
 Would not the Dolt stand artless as before?

Reason reclaims; her warning Accent hear: 195  
 'Tis thus she whispers, to the secret Ear;  
 ' Decline, fond Fools! your Enterprize decline,  
 ' Unless your Talents second your Design.'

The Laws of Man, and Nature too, command,  
 That what we practise, first we understand. 200  
 Should'st thou, or I, who never have been taught  
 To weigh the Powder, or to mix the Draught,  
 Prescribe, at Random, *Hellebore* infus'd;  
 Would not Physicians deem their Art abus'd?

Or should some thick-shod clumsy Clown, (who  
 knows 205  
 No single Star, of all the Host that glows)

His Ploughman's Province wantonly disdain,  
And rush an artless Pilot o'er the Main;  
Would not the Sea-gods with Surprise exclaim,  
And think the Race of Mortals dead to Shame? 210

Impartial, next, thy own dear self survey;  
By the same Rules, thy Claim to Freedom weigh.

Thee, has Philosophy, sage Mistress! taught  
The mighty Work, of living as we ought?  
Know'st thou from Truth it's Semblance to disjoin? 215  
The gilded Counter, from the sterling Coin.  
Canst thou discern, by Reason's piercing Eye,  
What Things to follow, and what Things to fly?  
Hast thou to *these*, the Marks of Scorn assign'd?  
To *those*, the fairer Stamp of Honour join'd? 220  
Exceed not thy Desires their just Degree?  
Holds the same humble Roof Content and Thee?  
Do'st thou to Life's each social Law attend?  
Art thou a faithful, a well-natur'd Friend?

Liv'ft thou, as varying Seasons may demand, 225

Now with a close, and now an open Hand?

Fixt on the Ground, the glittering Money lies!

Canft thou, untempted, pafs th' enfnaring Prize?

Canft thou behold the Bait, yet not admire,

Nor with a watering Lip betray Desire? 230

If thine, these Virtues thou canft truly call,

Canft fairly say, *' lo, I possess them all;*

To grant thy Claim, shall *Prætors*, then, agree;

Nay *Jove* himself allow thee *wise* and *free*. 234

But if thy Manners, yet, no Change have known,

(Thine, which were, late, no better than my own)

If the same Outside, if the same old Skin

Conceal the same old Vices, still, within;

Ver. 227. *Fixt on the Ground &c.*] Alluding to a Practice among roguish Boys, who used to fasten a Piece of counterfeit Money down to the Ground, and then laughed at the mistaken Miser, who, imagining it to be real, would stoop to take it up.

*In Tripiis fixum cum se dimittit ob assem.* Horat.

And while thy Face is gloss'd with specious Art,  
The wily Fox lies lurking at thy Heart;

Then, back I draw the Length of Chain I gave,

And once again pronounce thee *Fool* and *Slave*.

Go, Sot! the smallest Action, go, essay;

The smallest Action shall thy Wants betray.

Yes, unless Reason be thy constant Rule, 245

Wag but a Finger, we descry the *Fool*.

Wisdom and Folly, Nature's Laws divide:

Ne'er can a Grain of this, with that reside,

Eternal Variance, Right and Wrong maintain:

To blend them, all thy Sacrifice were vain. 250

Can the rough Clown assume the Dancer's Grace?

Not in a single Step——The same thy Case.

*Dama*. No, I am free. *Per*. Whence, whence do's  
it appear?

Thou free, o'er whom so many domineer?

[*Vex*. 246. *Wag but a Finger*.] The *Stoics* maintained that in this Case there was no Medium; a Man must either be entirely wise, or entirely foolish. According to this Position, no one but their wise Man, was capable of performing as he ought, the most inconsiderable Action in Life; not even that of moving a Finger.

For Lords there are, there are, mistaken Friends! 255

Whose Power, no manumitting Rod can end.

Boy! (cries a Master) to the Baths repair:

Away---be gone,---and leave these Scrapers there:

Fly, Loiterer, fly!--(adds he, in threatening Sounds)

Fly, e'er the quickning Scourge thy Sides furrounds.'

Ay, this (*say you*) is Servitude indeed; 261

I own this Wretch a Slave; so far agreed:

But as to *me*, *me* no such Motives urge;

I dread no Master's Threat, or Master's Scourge.

True; but thy Soul, thy subject Soul survey: 265

There, there, alas! if inmate Tyrants sway,

Are not thou, then, a Slave as arrant yet,

As he who dreads a Master's Scourge, and Threat!

Ver. 258. *Leave these Scrapers.*] Strigil was an Instrument made  
use of by the Greeks and Romans to scrape their Bodies, when they  
bathed. It's Figure may be seen in Mr. Haliday's Juvenal, p. 58.

\* As late thou liest, and snor'st the Morn away, 270  
 Lo *Avarice* comes! — ' *Up Sluggard, up I say!* *stod*  
 I can't; I'm sleepy. ' *That's a sorry Plea;*  
 ' *Wake, for Shame, wake.* ' No, wake who will for me:  
 ' *Once again, rise.* ' Why? wherefore? say, what Task  
 Awaits me risen? — *Idiot, canst thou ask?*  
 ' *Go, cross the Seas; sweet Interest's Call obey:*  
 ' *To distant Regions speed thy gainful Way.*  
 ' *Thy Bark with Fish, Flax, Castor, Incense, stow;*  
 ' *Fetch Indias's Ebon, fetch rich Wines from Co.*  
 ' *To ease the Camel's Back, be thou the first;*  
 ' *And cull his Spices, while he pants with Thirst.*  
 ' *To make thy Markets, pawn thy Word, thy Oath:*  
 ' *Then, to thy Profits, sacrifice them both.*

But *Jove* o'er-hears the Perjuries of Men—

' *Thou conscientious, sniveling Knave! what then?* 285

\* This Passage of *Perfus* is imitated by Monsieur Boileau in his  
 3th Satire; and recommended by Mr. Addison in his 35th *Spectator*.  
 [ 280. *The Camel's Back.* ] The Camel is, in *Arabia*, a Beast of  
 Burden that helps to carry off it's Spices. *Perfus* loads him with  
*Pepper*, because the Animal and it's Cargo are both the Produc-  
 tions of the same Country. *Addis. Med.*

' If thou canst dream of keeping Jove thy Friend,  
 ' Thy Fate I read — in Beggary 'twill end,  
 ' Thy oft-lick'd Platter, soon th' Event will rue,  
 ' Bor'd by thy hungry Finger, thro' and thro'.

Well: to thy hasty Call, each Slave repairs,  
 Each Slave, on Board the needful Baggage bears;  
 While Winds and Waves swell eager to convey  
 The bulky Vessel, o'er the watery Way.

In that nice Moment, who should intervene,  
 But *Luxury*? seductive, subtle Queen.

' Madman! (*says she*) where headlong wouldst thou  
 run?  
 ' What do'st thou seek? What is it thou wouldst shun?  
 ' To calm thy Breast, and cool thy frantic Brain.  
 ' All *Hemlock's* Juices might essay in vain.

Ver. 299.] The Juice of *Hemlock* was counted cooling; (See Sat.  
 IV. Ver. 3.) inasmuch that the Priests of *Ceres Eleusina* (under  
 strict Injunctions of Chastity) were accustomed to besmear their Bo-  
 dies therewith, as an effectual Abater of venereal Appetites. *Va.*  
*Schol.*

- ‘ Bless me! shalt thou, so tender, so refin’d,
- ‘ Shalt thou go tempt the warping Wave and Wind?
- ‘ Shalt thou go dine on Sailors’ filthy Fare?
- ‘ A twisted Cable, be thy easiest Chair?
- ‘ From Cans, where Pitch it’s nauseous Savour joins,
- ‘ Befits it also, to guzzle beastly Wines?
- ‘ Say, what’s thy Aim? What Motive bids thee roam?
- ‘ Thy Money bears fair Interest, here at Home.
- ‘ A modest five per Cent. thou hast at Ease:
- ‘ To make it ten, shalt thou go combat Seas?
- ‘ No, safe on Land, indulge thy genial Power:
- ‘ The Sweets of Life for us, Boy! — hang the Scur.
- ‘ Long as it flows with my bland Influence blest,
- ‘ ’Tis Life indeed: bare Breathing all the rest.
- ‘ Soon wilt thou glide a Ghost for Gossip’s Chat;
- ‘ Be Dust, vile Dust — think, Mortal! think on that.
- ‘ E’en while I speak, and this short Counsel give,
- ‘ Grim Death advances — think on that, and *Woe!*”

Thus thwarting Tyrants read thee different Ways:

Well, what reth’st thou? speak, which is it (ways)?

A doubtful Homage, thou to each must pay; 320

Now this, now that, alternately obey.

Nay, tho' thou should'st their haughty Threats withstand,

And bravely, *once*, oppose their High Command,

Yet triumph not: say not, ' my Bands are broke,

' And I, no more, go subject to the Yoke.' 325

Alas, the straggling Dog breaks loose in vain,

Whose Neck still drags along a trailing Length of Chain.

While to the Quick he bites his harmless Nails,

The *Cully-Lover* thus resolves, and rails:

Ver. 326. *The straggling Dog* &c.] This Allusion is pleasantly applied in *Hudibras*.

For tho' the Dame has been my Bail,

To free me from enchanted Jail;

Yet as a Dog, committed close

For some Offence, by chance breaks loose,

And quits his Clog; but all in vain,

He still draws after him, his Chain;

So tho' my Ankle she has quitted,

My *Heart* continues still committed.

*Cant. III, part. 2.*

- ' Davus, I will! (yes, deem me not in Jest) 330  
 ' I will, will instant, tear her from my Breast.  
 ' Long have I suffer'd restless Cares to rend  
 ' This foolish, love-sick Heart—but here they end.  
 ' Gods! on a Strumpet, shall I waste my Wealth?  
 ' Ruin, at once, my Fortune, Credit, Health? 335  
 ' On my Relations too, derive a Shame,  
 ' And call down Scandal on their fairer Fame?  
 ' No, Chrysis, no! no more at midnight Hours  
 ' Reel I, to serenade your bawdy Bowers.  
 ' No more whine I starv'd Ditties in the Dark; 340  
 ' No, Chrysis, no! you much mistake your Spark.'

That's my brave Master! be your self, be wise,  
 And thank the Gods that open'd thus your Eyes.  
 Acknowledge strait, their influencing Grace;  
 Bleed, bleed a Lamb this Instant on the Place. 345

- ' But when she finds me gone, for ever gone,  
 ' Won't the fond Creature take most sorely on?

330. Davus.] The Name of a Servant.

338. Chrysis.] The Name of a Courtezan.

' What

' *What think'st thou, Davus?*

Think I?—to be plain,

I think you trifling, and your Purpose vain. 350

Fear not her *takings on*, but rather dread

Her angry Slipper levell'd at your Head.

I warrant, Sir, she'll teach you to beware

Gnawing the Net, and struggling in the Snare.

Now, big you bluster, in heroic Strain; 355

Come one kind Line, you melt a *Slave* again.

' Well, 'tis a puzzling Circumstance, you cry;

' Shall I, my Heart! or shall I not comply?

' But for one parting Look, no more, she sues:

' And must I this, this last Request refuse? 360

Yes, of full *Freedom*, if you'd reign posselt,

You must refuse, refuse this last Request.

*Perf.* Right, *Davus*! there's the Man, that happy he,

Whom, and whom only, I acknowledge *free*.

Who persevere not, still are actual *Slaves*; 365

Spite of the Wand an idle *Lidlor* waves.

Next of the tyrant Traith, to seize thee waits  
*Ambition*; and displays her gilded Baits.

Enjoys he Freedom, who obeys *her* Laws?  
 Who follows eager, where she tempting draws? 370  
 Go, Slave! (for such thou art) quit Sleep and Ease!  
 Deal to the brangling Mob, thy Bribe of Peace!  
 With liberal Hand, thy Largeesses bestow,  
 Rich be the Feast, and sumptuous be the Show:  
 So (while they creep, and bask in noon-tide Heat) 375  
 Shall funny Seniors thy Applause repeat:  
 Give thee, for sleepless Nights, and anxious Days,  
 (O rare Amends!) a Dotard's chatty Praise.

But *Herod's* Feast returns!—How chang'd thou art?  
 Now *Superstition* lords it o'er thy Heart. 380  
 Now Lamps with Violets deck'd, in Rows depend;  
 And from each Window greasy Clouds ascend:  
 Now the red Dish, within its circling Rim,  
 Beholds the Tail of some poor Tunny swim,

Now

Now the white earthen Vessel swells with Wine; 385  
 And thou, in Folly stand'st prepar'd to join.  
 Strictly observant of the curtail'd Race,  
 Lo thee, with Anguish brooding on thy Face:  
 Pale turns thy Check, with idle empty Frights;  
 While thy Lips move, and mutter Jewish Rites. 390

Next, the black Ghost thy Mind with Horrors fills;  
 And the crackt Egg-shell bodes a thousand Ills.  
 The blinkard Priestess awes, with timbrel'd Hand;  
 Fat Gelding-Priests, thy servile Soul command.  
 Dire Ills, it seems! their Gods denounce in Rage; 395  
 And Garlick only, can their Gods assuage.  
 Thrice then, each Morn, (for thrice the Powers direct)  
 Garlick thou nibblest, with devout Respect.

But here I end: for, dictate as I will,  
 Blockheads there are, who must be Blockheads still. 400


Ver. 393. *Priestess*.] That is to say, the Priestess of the Goddess  
*Isis*: who may be seen described with her *Timbrel*, in Mr. *Holid*,  
 p. 246.

394. *Priests*.] Priests of *Cybele*, the *Phrygian* Goddess,

Yes,

Yes, shou'd I vent in *Camp* these moral Strains;  
 How wou'd the *Hero-Tribe* applaud my Pains!  
 Each brawny Back, with Laughter frait wou'd shake;  
 Each noble Captain, this Reply wou'd make:  
 ' Jabber not, Friend! thy learned Jargon  
 ' Do musty Morals suit the *martial* Ear?  
 ' We prize not, *we*, with all their senseless Sense,  
 ' A hundred *Stoics* at a hundred Pence.

*The End of the fifth SATIRE.*



## SATIRA QUINTA.

*Perfius.* **V** Atibus hic Mos est, centum sibi poscere  
Voces,

Centum Ora, et Linguas optare in Carmina centum:

Fabula seu mœsto ponatur hianda Tragædo,

Vulnera seu *Partibi* ducentis ab Inguine Ferrum.

*Cornutus.* Quorsum hæc? aut quantas robusti Carmi-  
nis offas

5

Ingeris, ut par sit centeno Gutturè niti?

Grande locuturi, Nebulas Helicone legunto:

Si quibus aut *Prognès*, aut si quibus Olla *Thyestæ*

Fervebit, sæpe insulto cœnanda *Glyconi*.

Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum Massa Camino,

Folle premis Ventos: nec, clauso Murmure raucus,

Nescio quid Tecum grave cornicaris ineptè:

Nec Scloppo tumidas intendis rumpere Buccas.

Verba

Verba Togæ sequeris, Junctura callidus acri,  
 Ore teres modico: pallentes radere Mores 15  
 Doctus, et ingenuo Culpam defigere Ludo.  
 Hinc trahere quæ dicas: Mensasque relinque *Mycenis*  
 Cum capite et Pedibus; plebeiaque Prandia noris.

*Perf.* Non Equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut Mihi Nugis  
 Pagina turgescat, dare Pondus idonea Fumo. 20  
 Secreti loquimur: Tibi nunc, hortante Camœnâ,  
 Executienda damus Præcordia: quantaque nostræ  
 Pars tua fit, *Cornute*, Animæ, Tibi (dulcis Amice)  
 Ostendisse juvat. Pulsa, dignoscere cautus  
 Quid solidum crepet, & pictæ Testoria Linguae. 25  
 His Ego centenas ausim deposcere Voces:  
 Ut quantum mihi Te sinuoso in Pectore fixi,  
 Voce traham pura: totumque hoc Verba resignent,  
 Quod latet arcana non enarrabile Fibrâ.

Cum primùm pavido custos mihi Purpura cessit, 30  
 Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pendit;  
 Cum blandi Comites; totaque impune Suburrâ

Permifit fparfiffe Oculos jam candidus Umbo:

Cumque Iter ambiguum eft; &, Vitæ nescius, Error

Diducit trepidas ramosa in Compita Mentes; 35

Me Tibi fuppoſui. Teneros Tu ſuſcipis Annos,

Socratico, *Cornute*, finu. Tunc fallere ſolers,

Appoſita intortos extendit Regula Mores;

Et premitur Ratione Animus, vincique laborat;

Artificemque tuo ducit ſub Pollice Vultum. 40

Tecum, etenim, longos memini conſumere Soles;

Et, Tecum, primas Epulis decerpere Noctes.

Unum Opus, & Requiem pariter diſponimus ambo;

Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria Menſa.

Non Equidem hoc dubites, Amborum Fœdere certo

Conſentire Dies, & ab uno fidere duci. 45

Noſtra, vel, æquali ſuſpendit Tempora *Libra*

Parca tenax veri: Seu, nata fidelibus Hora

Dividit in *Geminos* concordia Fata Duorum:

*Saturnumque* gravem noſtro *Jove* frangimus una. 50

Nefcio quod, certe eſt quod Me Tibi temperat, *Aſtrum*.

Mille Hominum species, & Rerum discolor Ufus;  
 Velle suum, cuique est; Nec voto vivitur uno.  
 Mercibus Hic Italus mutat, sub Sole recenti,  
 Rugosum Piper, & pallentis Grana Cumini: 55  
 Hic, satur, irriguo mavult turgescere somno;  
 Hic Campo indulget: Hunc Alea decoquit: Ille  
 In Venerem putret. Sed cum lapidosa Chiragra  
 Fregerit Articulos, veteris Ramalia Fagi;  
 Tunc crassos transisse Dies, Lucemque palustrem, 60  
 Et sibi jam feri Vitam ingemuere relictam.

At *Te* nocturnis juvat impalescere Chartis.  
 Cultor enim Juvenum, purgatas inferis Aures  
 Fruge *Cleanthea*. Petite hinc, Juvenesque Senesque,  
 Finem Animo certum, miserisque Viatica canis. 65

‘Cras Hoc fiet.’ Idem Cras fiet. ‘Quid! quasi  
 magnum  
 ‘Nempe Diem donas?’ Sed cum Lux altera venit,  
 Jam Cras hesternum consumpsimus: Ecce aliud Cras  
 Egerit hos Annos, & semper paulum erit ultra.

Nam

Nam quamvis prope Te, quamvis Temone sub uno, 70  
 Vertentem sese, frustra sectabere Canthum;  
 Cum rota posterior curras, & in Axe secundo.

Libertate opus est : non hâc, quâ, ut Quisque *Velinâ*  
 Publius emeruit, scabiosum Tesserula Far  
 Possidet. Heu steriles Veri, Quibus una Quiritem 75  
 Vertigo facit!—Hic *Dama* est, non treffis Agafo;  
 Vappa & lippus, & in tenui Farragine mendax:  
 Verterit Hunc Dominus, Momento Turbinis exit  
 MARCUS *Dama*.—Papæ! MARCO spondente, recusâs  
 Credere Tu Nummos?—MARCO sub Judice palles? 80  
 —MARCUS dixit? ita est.—Assigna, MARCE, Tabellas.—  
 Hæc mera Libertas! Hoc nobis Pilea donant!

‘ An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere Vitam  
 ‘ Cui licet, ut voluit? licet, ut volo, vivere: non sum  
 ‘ Liberior *Bruto*!’ Mendosè colligis, inquit, 85  
 Stoicus Hic, Aurem mordaci lotus Aceto:  
 Hoc reliquum accipio; *licet illud, et, ut volo, tolle.*

- Vindicta postquam meus a Prætoris recessi,
- Cur mihi non liceat, iussit quodcunque Voluntas;
- Excepto, si quid *Masuri* Rubrica notavit?" 90

Disce; sed Ira cadat Naso, rugosæque Sanna,  
Dum veteres Avias Tibi de Pulmone revello.

Non Prætoris erat, stultis dare tenuia Rerum  
Officia; atque usum rapidæ permittere Vitæ.  
Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto. 95

Stat contrâ Ratio, et secretam garrit in Auræ,  
Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.  
Publica Lex Hominum, Naturaque continet hoc Fas,  
Ut teneat vetitos Inscitia debilis Actus.

Diluis Helleborum, certo compescere Puncto 100  
Nescius Examen: vetat hoc Natura medendi.

Navem si poscat sibi peronatus Arator,

Luciferi rudis; exclamet *Melicerta* perisse

Frontem de Rebus.—Tibi recto vivere Talo

Ars dedit? et Veri Speciem dignoscere calles, 105

Ne qua subærato mendosum tinniat Auro?

Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,  
 Illa prius Creta, mox hæc carbone notasti?  
 Es modicus Voti? presso Lare? dulcis Amicis?  
 Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc Granaria laxes? 110  
 Inque Luto fixum, possis transcendere Nummum,  
 Nec Glutto sorbere Salivam Mercurialem?

*Hæc mea sunt, teneo; cum verè dixeris; esto*  
*Liberque ac sapiens, Prætoribus ac Jove dextro.*

Sin Tu, cum fueris nostræ paulo ante Farinæ, 115  
 Pelliculam veterem retines; et, Fronte politus,  
 Astutam vapido servas sub Pectore Vulpem:  
 Quæ dederam supra repeto, funemque reduco.  
 Nil Tibi concessit Ratio, Digitum exere, peccas.  
 Et quid tam parvum est? Sed nullo Thure litabis, 120  
 Hæreat in Stultis brevis ut Semuncia Resti.  
 Hæc miscere, Nefas: Nec cum sis cætera Fossor  
 Tres tantum ad Numeros Satyri moveare *Bathylli*.  
 'Liber Ego.' Unde datum hoc sumis, tot subdite  
 Rebus?

An Dominum ignoras, nisi Quem Vindicta relaxat? 125

I Puer, & Strigiles *Crispini* ad Balnea defer,

Si increpuit, cessas Nugator?—Servitium acre—

Te Nihil impellit; nec Quicquam extrinsecus intrat,

Quod Nervos agitet——Sed si intus, & in Jecore ægro

Nascantur Domini, quî Tu impunitior exis 130

Atque Hic, quem ad Strigiles Scutica & Metus egit  
herilis?

Mane piger stertis. ‘ Surge, inquit *Avaritia*: eja

‘ Surge.’—negas. ‘ Inflat, surge inquit.’ Non queo.

‘ Surge.’

Et quid agam? ‘ rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,

‘ Castoreum, Stuppas, Hebenum, Thus, lubrica Coa.

‘ Tolle recens, primus, Piper e fitiente Camelo. 136

‘ Verte aliquid, jura.’ Sed Jupiter audiet. ‘ Eheu,

‘ Baro! regustatum Digito terebrare Salsinum,

‘ Contentus perages, Si vivere cum Jove tendis.’

Jam Pueris Pellem succinctus, & cenophorum aptas,

Ocius ad Navem. Nihil obstat quin Trabe vastâ 141

*Ægeum*

*Ægeum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante*  
*Seductum moneat; ' Quo deinde, insane, ruis? Quo?*  
*' Quid Tibi vis? calido sub Pectore, mascula Bilis*  
*' Intumuit, quam non extinxerit Urna Cicutæ. 145*  
*' Tun' Mare transfiliis? Tibi, torta Cannabe fulto,*  
*' Coena sit in Transtro? Vejentanumque Rubellum*  
*' Exhalet, vāpida læsum Pice, sessilis Opba?*  
*' Quid petis? Ut Nummi, quos hīc Quincunce modesto*  
*' Nutrieras; pergant avidos sudare Deunces? 150*  
*' Indulge Genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est*  
*' Quod vivis: Cinis, & Manes, & Fabula fies.*  
*' Vive memor Lethi: fugit Hora: hoc quod loquor,*  
*inde est.'*

*En quid agis? duplici in diversum scinderis Hamo.*  
*Hunc cecine, an hunc, sequeris? subeas alternus oportet,*  
*Ancipiti Obsequio, Dominos: alternus oberres. 156*

*Nec Tu, cum obstiteris semel, instantique negaris*  
*Parere Imperio, ' rupi jam vincula,' dicas.*

Nam & luctata Canis Nodum abripit : attamen III,  
 Cum fugit, a Collo trahitur Pars longa Catena. 166

DAVE, citò, hoc credas jubeo, finire Dolores  
 Præteritos mæstor : [crudum *Chærestratus* unguem  
 Abradens, ait hæc] An ficcis Dedecus obstem  
 Cognatis ? An Rem patriam, Rumore sinistro,  
 Limen ad obsecrum, frangam ? dum *CHRYSIDIS* udas  
 Ebrius ante Fores, extincta cum Face canto ? 166

Euge, Puer, sapias : Diis depellentibus Agnam  
*Percute*. Sed censens plorabit, DAVE, relictæ ?  
 Nugaris : solea, puer, objurgabere rubrâ,  
 Ne trepidare velis, atque arcus rodere *Casses*. 170  
 Nunc ferus, & violens : ut si vocet, haud mora dicas,  
 ' Quisnam igitur faciam ? Ne nunc, cum accersat, et  
 ultro  
 ' Supplicet, accedam ?' Si totus, & integer, illinc  
 Exiëras, nec nunc. Hic, hic, quem quærimus, hic est :  
 Non in Festuca, Licetor quam jactat ineptus. 175

Jus habet Ille fui, Palpo quem ducit hiantem  
 Cretata *Ambitio*? Vigila, & Cicer ingere largè  
 Rixanti Populo, nostra ut Floralia possint  
 Aprici meminisse Senes! quid pulchrius?—At cum  
*Herodis* venere Dies, unctaque Fenestrâ 180  
 Dispositæ, pinguem Nebulam vomuere Lucernæ,  
 Portantes Violas; rubrumque amplexa Catinum,  
 Cauda natat Thynni, tumet alba Fidelia Vino;  
 Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque Sabbata palles.  
 Tunc nigri Lemures, Ovoque Pericula rupto: 185  
 Hinc grandes Galli, & cum Sistro lusca Sacerdos,  
 Incussere Deos instantes Corpora, si non  
 Prædictum, ter Mane, Caput gustaveris Allî.

Dixeris hæc inter varicosos Centuriones:  
 Continuò crassum ridet *Vulsenius* ingens, 190  
 Et centum Græcos curto Centusse licebit.

*Finis QUINTÆ SATIRÆ.*



THE  
SIXTH SATIRE  
OF  
PERSIUS.

To CÆSIUS BASSUS, a Lyric Poet.

The ARGUMENT.

*THE Studios among the Romans, usually retired from Rome, about the Beginning of Winter, to apply themselves with the greater Attention to their Lucubrations. For this Purpose, both Persius and Bassus seem now to have retreated to their respective Country-Houses: the first to his, at the Port of Luna, in Liguria; the latter to his, in the Territories of the Sabines. Thither Persius addresses this Epistolary Satire: beginning with some Inquiries concerning his Friend's present manner of Life, and then proceeding*

ceeding to an Account of his own. He describes himself in his Retirement, as quite undisquieted, with regard to Cares or Passions: and with Respect to Expence, not profuse, nor yet parsimonious. Thence he advises others, to make a free Use of their Fortunes, likewise: deeming nothing so absurd as the Folly of those Wretches, who starve themselves, to enrich their Successors.

**H**AS Winter drawn thee, say, Poetic Friend,  
 To seek that Warmth thy *Sabine* Chimnies lend?  
 Wakes, to thy solemn Quill, th'obedient Lyre,  
 And vibrates into Life each warbling Wire?  
 Say, mighty Master! *Thou* whose Art alone, 5  
 Could teach the *Roman* String a manlier Tone!

Majestic, *now*, thy towering Numbers soar,  
 And all Creation's wondrous Works explore:  
 Next, the gay Theme thy sprightlier Notes employs,  
 And sportive Lyrics paint our *youthful* Joys: 10  
 Strait, hoary Chiefs thy honouring Hand engage,  
 And the chang'd Song recounts the Praise of *Age*.

Ver. 3. *Quill &c.*] They played upon the Harp with a Quill or Stick, as we do upon the Dulcimer.

Mean-

Mean-time, I winter on the shelter'd Shores,  
 Where my *Liguria's* Sea, tempestuous, roars:  
 Where rising Cliffs on either Side are seen, 15  
 While Sands extend their level Vales, between.

O LUNA, lovely Port ! thy Fame remains  
 Recorded erst, in *Ennius'* deathless Strains,  
 Strains ! in the Mould of sober Reason cast,  
 When all his *transmigrating Dreams* were past. 20

Whether the Mob applaud me, or decry,  
 In this Retreat, alike regardless I :  
 Regardless I, though *Auster's* sultry Breath,  
 To thin my Folds, prepare infectious Death :  
 Though my next Neighbour boast a richer Spot, 25  
 Regardless I, behold his luckier Lot.  
 Nay, and though others too, as well as he,  
 Exchange for Fortune's Heights, their low Degree;  
 Yet will not I breath one repining Wish,  
 Nor baulk my Table of a single Dish : 30

Ver. 14. *Where my Liguria's Sea, &c.* ] See Mons. Bayle's Life  
 of the Author hereto prefixed.

Nor

Nor to my Nose, one dreggy Flaggon thrust,

To see the Seal stand faithful to it's Trust.

No, no, not I—I will not Health impair,

Nor hasten shriveling Age, by carking Care.

My Notion this: but, doubtless, you may find 35

Another Man with quite another Mind.

Twins, themselves, differ; on whose natal Hour

The same *Ascendant* shed it's equal Power.

One, (an Excess, to common Days unknown;

Such, as his Birth-day justifies alone) 40

In a small Cup, a paltry Pickle buys,

And dips each wither'd Herb with anxious Eyes:

His sacred Pepper-box, none else may touch;

A graceless Cook might use a Grain too much.

Not so his Brother: *HE*, a jovial Soul, 45

*HE* guttles down luxuriously his whole.

I, I will use, will use *my* Fortune too;  
 But with Restriction, not as Spendthrifts do:  
 Ne'er shall *my* Board see sumptuous Turbots dress,  
 And spread profusely, to the freed-man Guest: 50  
 Ne'er shall *my* Tongue be taught by costly Use,  
 To tell the *Female* Thrush's subtler Juice.

Who squander, or who hoard, alike mistake:  
 Mark *thou* thy Income; that, thy Measure make.  
 Live to thine utmost Sheaf; grind, never spare; 55  
 Drain every Barn—for, why should'st thou forbear?  
 'Tis but to plough, to harrow, as before;  
 Up comes another Crop, as much or more.

‘ But if I, thus, each annual Income spend,  
 ‘ How shall I, then, relieve the Ship-wreck'd Friend?

Ver. 52. *Thrush's Sex.*] These Birds (in Latin called *Turdi*, and in English commonly translated *Thrushes*) were in great Reputation as Delicacies. A Man of elegant Discernment would tell, at first Taste, whether the Bird he was eating, was of the *Male* or of the *Female* Kind: but the Juices of the *latter*, were judged to be rather the more exquisite.

‘ See

- ' See there, his Ship receives the fatal Shock! 61  
 ' Himself, see, crawling up the rugged Rock!  
 ' No friendly God comes piteous to his Call,  
 ' No timely Hand to save his sinking All.  
 ' Now, on the Shore, that echoes with his Cries, 65  
 ' On the cold dreary Shore—outstretch'd he lies.  
 ' Round him, each *tutelary Figure* see,  
 ' Torn from the Vessel, and distress'd as he!

Ver. 67.—*Each tutelary Figure.*] “ I am apt to think (says *Eugenius*) from certain Passages of the Poets, that several Ships made choice of some God or other for their Guardians, as among the Roman Catholics every Vessel is recommended to the Patronage of some particular Saint. The Figure of the Deity was very large, and stood on one End of the Vessel that it patronised. This may give us an Image of a very beautiful Circumstance that we meet with in a Wreck described by *Perfius* &c.——I have often wondered at Mr. *Dryden* for passing so severe a Censure on this Author. He fancies this Description of a Wreck, is too good for *Perfius*, and that he might be helped in it, by *Lucan*, who was one of his Contemporaries. For my Part (says *Cymbie*) I am so far from Mr. *Dryden*'s Opinion in this Particular, that I fancy *Perfius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: And that had he been engaged on the same Subject, he would at least in his Expressions and Descriptions have out-writ the *Pharsalia*. He was indeed employed on Subjects that seldom led him into any thing like Description, but where he has an Occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater Beauty to their Expressions. His Obscurities are indeed sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the Remoteness of the Customs, Persons and Things he alludes to—” See Mr. *Addison*'s Dial. on Medals: p. 72 and 141.

‘ The

- The shatter'd Vessel; on whose fever'd Sides
- The Cormorant sports, the Mew triumphant rides.'

Thou then in Time, lest penniless he go 71

- Bearing his pictur'd Ship, relieve his Woe.
- Is *Money* wanting, for the generous End?—  
Sell, sell some *Land*; and so support thy Friend.

- O but my *Heir*——if I curtail the least, 75
- That Rogue deducts it in my funeral Feast:
- Consigns my Bones, perfumeless, to their Urn;
- At best, makes musty Spices serve the Turn.
- With deadning Gums th'adulterate *Cassia* join'd,
- Each Aromatic Atom has resign'd; 80

• See Verse 195, of the first Satire.

Ver. 77. *Consigns my Bones, perfumeless.*] The Expenses of the Dead were in this Article very extravagant. On *Sylla's* funeral Pile were cast a hundred and ten Biers of *Spices* (which considering the Dearness of that Commodity at *Rome*, must have amounted to a vast Sum) besides his own and his *Lictor's* Statue, made of Incense and Cinnamon as large as the Life. See *Plutarch's Sylla*.

*Nero*, at *Poppea's* Funeral, burnt more Cinnamon and *Cassia*, than the whole yearly Product of *Arabia*. Arbuth. Tabl. Moreover, the Friends of the Deceased usually obliged the People with a public Treat.

• It's

- ‘ It’s every Sweet, the *Cinnamon* has lost,
- ‘ Refuse of Shops——thinks he, *the less the Cost.*
- ‘ You, who sold Land, expect you *Drugs of Price?*
- ‘ No, no, your *Cartase* must not be so nice.

- ‘ Next, *Bestius* rails——‘ Ay, this has been the Trade,
- ‘ Since first those scholar *Greeks* their Entrance made,
- ‘ Pack’d up with Dates and Pepper, here they throng,
- ‘ And ship their damn’d *Philosophy*, along.
- ‘ When once this foreign Poppery got to Town,
- ‘ Old *Roman* Plainness would no longer down. 90
- ‘ Then Ploughmen truly! could no longer eat,
- ‘ Without rich Oils to spoil their wholesome Meat.’

Friend, let him rail: when thou art turn’d to Clay,  
Matters it what surviving Blockheads say?

- Then, for thy *Heir*—admit, he proves unjust; 95
- Grudges due Honours, and defrauds thy Dust:
- On this poor Pretext, shalt thou, *living*, dread
- The want of funeral Frillery, when *dead?*

Were

Were the Case mine, I honestly declare,  
Thus flat and plain, would I address *my* Heir: 100

- ‘ You (*you* knows whom) that gape for my Decease,
- ‘ Draw near: a Word in private, if you please.
- ‘ Here’s glorious News, it seems, arriv’d to-day:
- ‘ Have not you heard, Sir, what th’Expresses say?
- ‘ The laurel’d Letter speaks our *Chieftain* great: 105
- ‘ Speaks *Cæsar*’s Conquest, *Germany*’s Defeat.
- ‘ Our Altars, lo, their dustless Hearths display!
- ‘ Lo, their cold Ashes all are swept away!
- ‘ Our *Empress* has declar’d her royal Will;
- ‘ Our ready Marshals her Behests fulfil. 110
- ‘ E’en now, they bid triumphal Pillars rise,
- ‘ And glad with regal Spoils our wondering Eyes:
- ‘ E’en now, they change the hapless Captive’s Dress,
- ‘ And make dark Frize his humbled State express.

Ver. 106. *Cæsar*’s Conquest.] Tho’ *Caligula*’s Expedition ended in nothing more than a farcical gathering of Cockle Shells upon the Sea-shore, yet in the Advices he dispatched to *Rome*, he demanded a Triumph as for a formal Victory. See *Suetonius*.

‘ Here,

‘ Here, they rank hostile Chariots; there, ordain 115

‘ Huge *German* Slaves to drag th’ unwilling Chain.

‘ Then, to find Fencers, I my-self engage;

‘ A hundred Pair, I bring upon the Stage.

‘ A large Expence; but how, for such Success,

‘ How can I give the Gods, or *Cæsar*’s Génius less? 120

‘ What I decree, Who dares oppose?—dare you?

‘ Look to’t—’tis at your Peril, if you do.

‘ Nay, fuller yet my Raptures to declare,

‘ A Dole, beside, the Populace shall share.

‘ To *this* object you?—come, speak out—be free—

*Object! no sure, Sir, it becomes not me.*

126

‘ Extremely civil this! good Reason why;

‘ How fair those Fields! how tempting do they lie!

But as for *Helrs*, suppose I had not One;

Aunts, Uncles, Nephews, Nieces, dead and gone. 130

Of each dear Relative, thus quite bereft

(Not e’en my Grannum’s Cousin’s Cousin left

Away walk I; it may be, to *Bovill*,

Or where *Arilla* tops the neighbouring Hill;

Lo *Manius*, at the Stand of Beggars; there — 135  
 For one Word's speaking, *He* will be my Heir.

' *An upstart Wretch!—A Son of Earth!* you cry:

' *Make him your Heir?*'—Why not, Sir, tell me why?

' *His Race, his Sire, is utterly unknown.*'

Four Generations backward, so's my own. 140

No, who was mine, I could inform you too:

But 'twere, in troth, as much as I could do.

One Degree more, trac'd upwards from my Birth,

Makes *my* Fore-father too, a *Son of Earth*.

To *him* related, may this *Manius* be; 145

To *him* related, and of Course to *me*.

' But *you*, it seems, plead still the *nearer* Merit—'  
 However let *me* die, e're *you* inherit.

Wave your Pretensions, till the Course be done;

Who claims the *Torch*, e're yet the Race is run? 150

Ver. 150. Who claims the *Torch*.] At a Festival instituted by the *Athenians* in Honour of *Vulcan*, there was a Race run by young Men with lighted *Torches* in their Hands. He who took his Turn first, delivered the *Torch* to the second; and the second, in like Manner, to the third. The Victory was his that carried the *Torch* lighted, to the End of the Race. See *Pott, Græc. Antiqu.* p. 399.

Here,

Here, like the *God of Gain*, behold I stand;  
 As he's describ'd in Picture, Bag in Hand!  
 Refuse you, say, or deign you to receive,  
 The Fortune I was left, and I can leave?

'Tis somewhat sunk, you surely must allow; 155  
 ' Here can't be all'—Here's all remaining now:  
 The rest, I us'd—But, what thou see'st is thine;  
 Then thankful take it, and ne'er once repine.  
 Let *me* no Murmurings hear; nor idle Prate  
 Of this, or that, or t'other, *spent* Estate. 160  
 Say not one Word of *Tadius*, and the Sum  
 By him bequeath'd; but prudently be dumb.  
 Call *me* to no Account; nor dare to teach  
*Me* saving Lessons, such as Fathers preach:  
 Son! put your Fortune out to Use, be-sure: 165  
 The Product spend, the Principal secure.

' Well, on that Head, I spare my fruitless Pains;  
 ' *How much remains* tho', let me ask,'—REMAINS!


Oil, oil, my Slave! nor longer boggling stand :  
 Oil, oil my Herbs with liberal, lavish Hand. 170  
 What! shall a Swine's insipid, leathery Ear,  
 And Smoak-dry'd Snout, compose my constant Cheer?  
 Nay, with boil'd Nettles garnish'd round, compleat  
 My genial Holy-Day's most jovial Treat?  
 Gods! shall I starve, on such poor pinch-gut Fare, 175  
 I starve *my-self*, to pamper up my *Heir*?  
 To make a Rake-hell Rogue in Dainties deal,  
 And cram with *Goose's Liver*, every Meal?  
 Then have his high-born Whore, at once to drain  
 His swelling Pockets, and his throbbing Vein? 180  
 Shall I, forfooth, become meer Bones and Skin,  
 A creeping Skeleton, so weak, so thin!  
 That He, in State, triumphantly may strut,  
 Behind a priestly Paunch, and swaggy Gut?

Ver. 178. *Goose's Liver*.] This was esteemed by the Romans a most delicious Morfel. They had a Method of cramming the Animal with a certain Food (in which Figs were the main Ingredient) that made the Liver grow to an amazing Size. Who was the happy Discoverer of so worthy a Receipt (whether it was *Scipio Metellus* a Man of consular Dignity, or *Marcus Sestius* a Roman Knight) *Pliny* himself will not undertake to say. Lib. 10. c. 22.

Yes sure, thy Riches let no Bounds restrain;  
 Sell, my Friend, sell thy very Soul for Gain.  
 Yes, that thy *Heir* may grand Possessions boast,  
 Sail *thou* the World around; sift every Coast,  
 Cull every Mart: Nay, practise every Guile,  
 Each lucrative Deceit, and wholesome Wile. 190  
 Thy very Fellow-Creatures, buy and sell;  
 Cage the convenient Knaves, and stuff them well.  
 Let none surpass thee in the vending Knack:  
 Let thy Palm learn the recommending Thwack,  
 To clap the Side, and praise the brawny Back. }  
 Then count thy Gains; and double then thy Store. 196  
 '—'Tis done; 'tis three—'tis five—'tis ten-times more.  
 Where must I stop?—Fix, fix the Point of Rest,  
*Chrysis*, Thou, with Art peculiar blest!  
 Thou, who could'st, once, so happily assign  
 Bounds to thy H E A P, Now limit this of *Mine*!

*Ver. 198. Chrysis his Heap.] This Philosopher took abundance of fruitless Pains to find out the Solution of a Sophism, which, from it's consisting of an H E A P of Interrogations, was called Sorites; Chrysis could devise no better Expedient than to answer only to a certain Number of these Interrogations, and then to be silent. (Cic. Academ. L. 4. c. 28.) which notable Artifice of his, Persius I suppose is here deriding.*

*The End of the sixth SATIRE.*



# SATIRA SEXTA.

Ad CÆSIUM BASSUM.

**A**dmovit jam Bruma Foco Te, *BASSE*, *Sabino*?  
 Jamne Lyra, & tetrico vivunt Tibi *Pectine*  
*Chordæ*?

Mirè Opifex, Numeris, veterum Primordia Rerum,  
 Atque marem strepitum Fidis intendisse Latinæ;  
 Mox juvenes agitare Jocos; et, Pollice honesto, 5  
 Egregios luisse Senes!—Mihi nunc *Ligus* Ora  
 Intepet, hybernatque meum Mare; quà Latus ingens  
 Dant scopuli, & multa littus se Valle receptat.  
 \* *Lunæ Portam, est Operæ cognoscere, Cives.*  
 Cor jubet hoc Ennî; postquam destertuit esse 10  
*Mæonides*, quintus Pavone ex Pythagoreo.

Hic Ego securus Vulgi, et quid præparet Auster  
 Infelix Pecori: securus &, Angulus ille

Vicini,

Vicini, nostro quia pinguior. Et si adeo omnes  
 Ditescant orti pejoribus, usque recusem;  
 Curvus ob id minui Senio, aut cœnare sine Uncto;  
 Et Signum in vapida Naso tetigisse Lagenâ.

Discrepet his Alius. Geminos, Horoscope, varo  
 Producis Genio. Solis Natalibus, est qui  
 Tingat Olus siccum Muria, vafer, in Calice emptâ;  
 Ipse sacrum irrorans Patinæ Piper. Hic Bona dente  
 Grandia magnanimus peragit Puer.—Utar Ego, utar:  
 Nec Rhombos, ideò, Libertis ponere lautus;  
 Nec tenuem solers Turdarum nosse Salivam.

Messe tenus propria vive; et Granaria (fas est)  
 Emole; quid metuas? occa, et Seges altera in Herbâ est.

‘ At vocat Officium. Trabe rupta, *Bruttia* Saxa  
 ‘ Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, furdaque  
 Vota,  
 ‘ Condidit *Ionio*: jacet Ipse in Littore, et unâ  
 ‘ Ingentes de Puppe Dei; jamque obvia Mergis,

‘ Costa

- \* Costa Ratis lacerae. — Nunc, et de Cespite vivo,
- Frangere aliquid ; largire inopi ; ne pictus oberret
- Cæruleâ in Tabula. \* Sed Cœnam Funeris Hæres
- \* Negliget, iratus quod Rem curtaveris : Urnæ
- \* Offa inodora dabit : seu spirent Cinnama surdum, 35
- \* Seu Cerafo peccent Casiæ, nescire paratus.
- \* Tune Bona incolumis minuas ? — Sed Bestius urget
- \* Dôctores Graios : Ita fit, postquam sapere Urbi,
- \* Cum Pipere & Palmis, venit : nostrum hoc, Maris experts !
- \* Premisecæ crasso vitiarunt Unguine Pultes. 40

Hæc Cinere ulterlor metuas ? At Tu, meus Hæres  
 Quisquis eris, paulum a Turba seductior audi :

O Bone, num ignoras ? missa est a Cæsare Laurus,  
 Insignem ob Cladem Germanæ pubis ; et Aris  
 Frigidus excutitur Cinis : At jam postibus Arma, 45  
 Jam Chlamydas Regum, jam lutea Gausapa captis,  
 Effedaque ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhénos.  
 Diis igitur, Genioque Ducis, centum Paria, ob Res  
 Egregiè gestas, induco. Quis vetat ? aude.

Væ, nisi connives—Oleum Artocreasque Popello 59

Largior : An prohibes ? dic clare. *Non adeo*, inquis :

*Exoffatus ager juxta est.* Age, si mihi nulla

Jam reliqua ex Amitis ; Patruelis nulla ; Proneptis

Nulla manet ; Patruis sterilis Matertera vixit ;

Deque Avia nihilum superest : Accedo Bovillas, 55

Clivumque ad Virbî ; præsto est mihi *Manius* Hæres.

‘ Progenies Terræ ’—Quære ex Me, quis mihi quartus,

Sit Pater ; haud promptè, dicam tamen. Adde etiam

Unum,

Unum etiam, Terræ est jam Filius : et mihi Ritu,

*Manius* hic, Generis, propè major Avunculus exit. 60

Qui prior es, cur Me in *Decursu* Lampada poscas ?

Sum Tibi *Mercurius* : venio Deus huc Ego, ut Ille

Pingitur. An renuis ? vin’ Tu gaudere relictis ?

‘ Deest aliquid Summæ. ’ Minui Mihi : Sed Tibi to-

tum est,

Quicquid id est. Ubi sit, fuge quærere, quod Mihi

quondam

65

Legarat *Tadius* : neu Dicta reponere paterna :

*Fœnoris* accedat Merces ; hinc exime sumptus.

M

‘ Quid

‘ Quid reliquum est ? ’ reliquum ? Nunc, nunc impen-  
fius unge,

Unge, Puer, Caules. Mihi, festa Luce, coquatur

Urtica, et fissa fumosum Sinciput Aure; 70

Ut tuus iste Nepos, olim, fatur Anseris Extis,

Cum morosa vago singultiet Inguine Vena,

Patriciæ immeiat Vulvæ ? Mihi Trama Figuræ

Sit reliqua ? ast Illi tremat Omento popa Venter ?

‘ Vende Animam Lucro ; mercare ; atque excute so-  
lers 75

‘ Omne Latus Mundi. - Ne fit præstantior alter,

‘ Cappadocas rigida pingues plaussisse Catastâ.

‘ Rem duplica. ’ Feci. jam triplex ; jam mihi quartò,

Jam decies redit in Rugam. Depunge ubi sistam,

Inventus, *Chryssippe*, tui Finitor Acervi ! 80

FINIS.

6  
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